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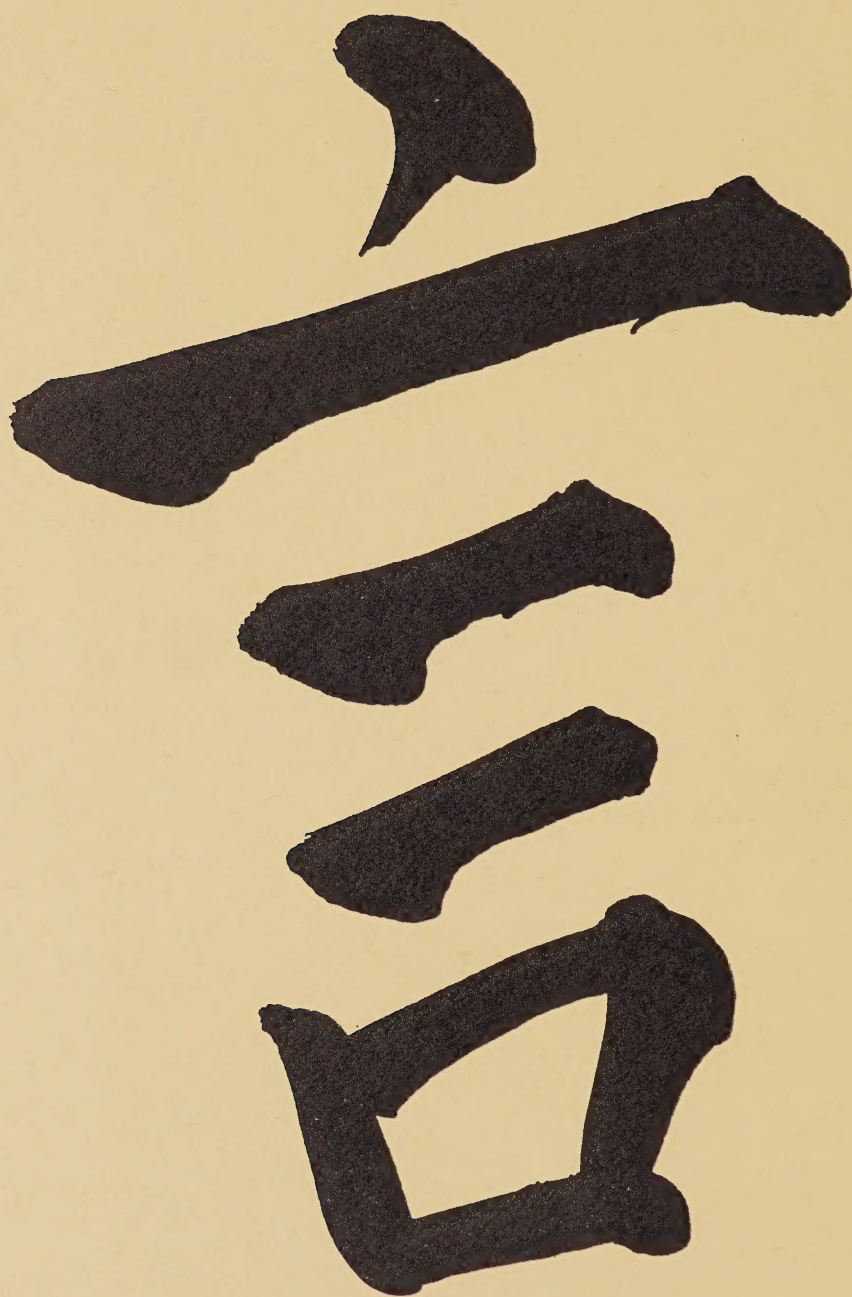
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*Language: translated literally by Ernest Fernollosa as "mouth and two words with flame emerging." Calligraphy by Shu-Mei Wang.*



## EDITORIAL

The peoples of the world today find themselves in a perilous position. Advances in technology have decreased the relative distances between nations so rapidly that the development of effective communication and mutual understanding in the world community has lagged far behind. The kind of communication that is necessary for understanding and cooperation does not happen overnight; it is the result of a long and difficult process.

What is involved in this process? What is involved in communication? Communication is often confused with the media of communication: radio, television, books, periodicals; or with the mechanics of communication: punctuation, syntax, and the like. These are the tools of communication; they do not assure its effectiveness. It is quite possible to compose flawlessly structured nonsense and present it in breathtaking cinemascope. Effective communication begins with some attitude or state of mind which acts as a motivating force: love or affection or respect—or, as we have recently seen—fear. Such motives give rise to a desire for understanding, without which there can be no real exchange of ideas, and to that rare state of empathy in which you put yourself into the other fellow's shoes so vividly your own feet hurt. Empathetic understanding can only be accomplished by learning as much as possible about the person or group with whom you wish to communicate: way of life, customs, taboos, prejudices, values, goals, and above all, mode of speech, in which all the former are reflected. This learning process must take place before it is possible to express ideas in terms that will mean the same to both you and the object of your communication, and even then it is all too easy to fail through such a simple error as overexplaining to the point of boredom or explaining so little as to be obscure.

In view of the complexity and difficulty of communicating effectively, it is not surprising that the results of poor communication are evident everywhere. Examples are plentiful: juvenile delinquency, the divorce rate, management-labor disputes, racism—each stems from inability to communicate and its corollary, lack of understanding. If there is such widespread failure in the family and the social community, what hope is there for the nation and the world community? The art of effective communication must be learned and practiced in the smaller circles of daily life before it can be

successful in the higher echelons. Each of us as a world citizen—if motivated only by a desire for self-preservation—must assume the responsibility of developing the skills of good communication and practicing them on every possible level with the widest possible scope, if civilization is to avoid self-destruction. This is the greatest challenge that has ever faced the world.

The college community must feel an especially heavy responsibility as the logical choice for leadership in the area of communication; it must also bear a large share of guilt for the widespread failure in communication, for its graduates have greater influence on more areas of activity than any other group. College publications, as the media of communication in the college community, assume much of both the responsibility and the guilt.

How is this college magazine meeting the challenge? We began by considering the entire magazine in the light of our editorial policy of effective, intelligible communication of ideas, to which, we agreed, every aspect of the magazine should contribute: content, appearance, and name. We planned to continue to improve both the quality of writing and the significance of subject matter in order that the content of every issue should uphold our editorial policy. We introduced changes in size, paper stock, type style, make-up, and art work in order that the appearance of the magazine should reflect our new direction of purpose. Finally, we considered the name of the magazine: *The Quill*. It seemed to us that the word "quill," aside from being a rather trite and dated symbol, carried undesirable associations with the mechanics of communication which made it inconsistent with our policy. So we began to search through dictionary and thesaurus to find a name that would express the purpose, policy, and ultimate goal of our magazine. Not surprisingly, there is no English word that has retained the meaning of effective, intelligible, responsible communication of ideas; for a language changes with the culture that uses it, and good communication has become a rarity in our society. Discouraged, we toyed for a while with the notion of accepting defeat and giving the magazine some neutral name as a compromise, such as *Queens College Quarterly*, but we agreed that a name communicating nothing was as bad as undesirable as a name communicating the wrong thing. Then, by lucky accident, we discovered a Greek word, *logos*, which is a component of many English words (psychology, anthropology, dialogue, monologue), and is defined by Liddell and Scott in the *Greek-English Lexicon* as "the word or outward form by which the inward thought is expressed." It seemed a perfect name for our magazine, which is, after all, a form by which our campus expresses its thoughts. Because *logos* had never before been borrowed from the Greek as a word in its own right with its meaning intact, it has been spared the devaluation which has fatigued so many English words; but neither has it been entirely ignored. Philosophers found it, capitalized it, and said it meant the rational principle in the universe; theologians found it, capitalized it, and said it meant the Word of God. We, the journalists, leave it uncapitalized and, feeling that we have taken fewer liberties with the original Greek than either the philosophers or the theologians, let it define itself in our magazine.

M. H.



# The Student Abroad

by Lynn Brown and Kathryn Woods

As we embarked last spring on our trip for a semester at the University of Geneva in Switzerland, one of our main objectives was to become acquainted with the concerns and interests of the university students in Europe. We left without much knowledge of those whom we would encounter during our five-month stay—to us, foreign students were persons rarely encountered in our previous experiences. We thought of them as seriously dedicated scholars whose ideas and beliefs were far removed from our own. Looking back on our recent trip, we see new ideas and changed opinions.

Our first stop—Paris. Here we encountered the city's fun-loving students who filled the streets and sidewalk cafes with laughter as they celebrated the Easter holidays. Our inability to understand and speak French hindered our conversation with these young people, but they did tell us that we were making a great mistake by not choosing Paris for our headquarters! On arriving in Geneva, we soon became a part of the 3000 young people from all over the world who were attending the university and its various branches. All were registering for classes in a manner quite different from, and yet almost as confusing as ours can be. In our first class we were asked to introduce ourselves and tell our reasons for studying French. (We were expected to answer in French, of course.) We found students from South and Central America, Arabia, Yugoslavia, Germany, and Sweden, as well as a few others from the United States. Here began the opportunity and

the wonderful experience of talking with these people and discovering what they were like.

On one of our first encounters with a foreign student, we felt obliged to apologize for our inability to express ourselves in any other language besides English. This Swiss girl, who had spent two years in California, spoke perfect English as well as Italian, French, and her native German. Like most other European young people who come to America, she had seen more of our country than we! She had been very impressed with the hospitality of the American people and in return gave us explicit directions to her home, so that we might visit her if we came to Zurich.

Life among the students actually brought us closer to home than we had imagined, for we found these young people often similar to ourselves. They, too, were greatly concerned with the problems of our society today and the need for understanding one another in a world where there no longer exist uncrossable oceans to isolate peoples. Out of these concerns came the ever-evident love of the student for an interchange of ideas through conversation with others. Persons of different nationality groups recognized the importance of being well-informed on many topics such as art, politics, literature, and religion in order to participate.

These foreign students were quick to criticize, and it was sobering for us to discover that America was not considered by all as the greatest nation on earth or as a country whose policies and leaders were above reproach. Nearly everyone we met was interested in coming to

the United States to work, travel, or study, however, and naturally they wanted to know as much as possible about the opportunities for jobs and the cost of living in our country. We were dismayed to find that because we were Americans, most people expected us to be very wealthy, but we soon convinced them that we two were not among that class, as is the case with most American students abroad!

At the university, education consisted chiefly of attending classes and doing library research. Most of the classes were large and were conducted through lectures. The student was independent in every phase of his work. What he derived from his classroom experiences was dependent upon his outside work, and the amount accomplished was left entirely to his own discretion. We often discovered that the lecture topic did not reach its climax during the class itself; rather it was taken outside—usually to the university coffee shop—and conversation on the subject was continued by those who were interested.

We greatly enjoyed our association with these young people and were somewhat reluc-

tant to give up our role we had assumed among them when the time came to leave. As temporary students in a foreign country we had greatly enjoyed their life of freedom. At school we had experienced a complete lack of pressure concerning class attendance and participation in extra-curricular activities. And life in general seemed to be completely up to the individual; there were no sheltering towers of home, church, and school. This forced us to stand on our own as we had never had to do previously. In addition, it brought forth much earnest thinking about our hitherto unquestioned beliefs and values.

Now that we are again among our former friends and classmates here at Queens, we feel it difficult to describe adequately our experiences of the past months. We traveled as much as possible and did our share of sightseeing, which was all wonderful. But we still consider our association with the young people the highlight of our trip, and we only hope that many more American students, particularly from Queens, will have the opportunity of an equally meaningful experience.



# DOREATHA

by Harriet Doar

Harriet Doar's newspaper work has included a daily column, features, reporting, and editing, in several cities. She has frequently published poems and articles and is currently with the women's department of *The Charlotte Observer*.

The day was ominous with heat. Clouds sulked at the horizon, but overhead the sky was a monotonous, sunbleached blue. Occasionally the leaves of the fig tree by the breakfast room window trembled a moment, but the breath of wind would fail before it was more than a sigh. Nothing withstood the wilting midday but sounds from the kitchen, where Doreatha hummed tranquilly to herself as she chipped ice and dropped it tinkling into the pitcher of tea.

Barbara listened to the soothing sounds and marveled again at Doreatha's imperturbability. She herself had waked this morning with a feeling of unexplained anxiety, heavy as the air, smothering, depressing; she knew it was reflected in her face, no matter how often she remembered to relax the tenseness of forehead and mouth. Doreatha's placid exterior showed nothing; here soul seemed as calm as her untroubled brow and voice.

"I believe it's going to storm before night," Mrs. Leigh said, looking anxiously at the cloudy rim.

"H'm." Mr. Leigh cleared his throat with the vaguest suggestion of a cough. "It better, if we're going to have any crops this year. Everything's dying. A man in the bank told me today that the fields were all burnt up out his way." He paused to consider whether any explanation were necessary, and finally he added: "He lives out in the country and works in the bank."

"The garden's all dried up," his wife said. "But it'll come out again all right if we just get a good soaking rain soon. We have this hot spell every year and it looks like everything's ruined."

The baby banged her spoon against the tin tray of the high chair, sending a spurt of yellow pudding across the tablecloth. She began to make small anxious sounds as she struggled to stand up in the chair.

Barbara drew in her breath sharply, but she bit back a reproof and clenched her hands in her lap. She was annoyed with herself for wanting to lash out at the child. It couldn't do any good; it would only make her cry.

"You want me to take her, Miss Barbara, so's you can finish your dinner?" Doreatha leaned around the doorway and clucked at the baby. "Wanna come out with Doreatha, Jenny?"

The child bounced up and down and reached with short arms. "Ree-fa . . . out?" She spoke still in babyish music, ending always on a note of surprise.

Doreatha chuckled. Pale brown hands encircled the tadpolish body and wiggled it out of the chair. Jenny crowed with delight and suddenly grabbed a handful of hair, arching her body backward to pull.

"Here, stop that, you'll hurt Doreatha." Barbara started to get up, but Doreatha was laughing as she pried the tiny fist loose. Everything amused Doreatha.

"L'il chirrun don' know what 'hurt' mean, do they, Jenny? She ain' gonna hurt me, Miss Barbara. I'm jes' afraid she'll jump out of my arms some day, she so wigglesome. Stay still a minute more, Jenny, Doreatha's got work to do aroun' here 'fore she can go outside. Jes' a minute now."

With one arm she held the child firmly against her hip, jiggling her to keep her happy, while she filled the empty tea glasses and set the pitcher on the side table. Barbara leaned back in her chair, comforted by the damp cold glass, and watched them. She wished she could paint the two of them, so that she could have them forever; she might keep the feeling, but never the colors.

The baby was a little golden thing. The sun had given her skin a taffy shade and touched her hair, curling in ringlets tight as springs, with red glints. She looked flowery and delicate against the bright clear blue of Doreatha's white-collared uniform, against the light brown of Doreatha herself. "High yaller"—that was an odious comparison: cheap shiny yellow shoes, ugly mustard-color houses. Doreatha's smooth brown skin had a touch of black with the touch of yellow, like the film over suntan. She was not quite the color of coffee, coffee generously creamed; the tone was livelier. Gingerbread batter was closer, Barbara thought.

Her eyes moved with Doreatha as she cleared the table and served dessert. Doreatha's face had a dreamy, masklike quality in repose, although it was mobile and expressive when she talked. The flesh was firm and smooth under the brown unwrinkled skin, the features clear and firmly molded. Broad, untroubled forehead; full lips and wide flat nose; broad, high cheekbones; wide sleepy eyes, deep brown with charcoal lashes that gave a tilted look to the corners. With her polished black hair, she looked like Pharaoh's daughter in the Sunday School wall pictures.

"Don't give me any dessert," Gene murmured, leaning back and lighting a cigarette.

"But you've hardly eaten a thing," his mother said.

"It's too hot to eat." Gene, Barbara's husband, worked at night, and the morning sun struck early at the room where he and Barbara and the baby slept. "I hope it does rain tonight. This heat's got me down." There were deep blue shadows under his eyes.

Mr. Leigh had been listening for the sound of the back door closing behind Doreatha. "Well, we didn't sleep too well last night either, did we, mother?" His eyes twinkled, which meant a laugh for him. His wife's face was pale and strained, but the heat only made him dryer and grayer.



"Doreatha's brother varied his usual diet with watermelon last night," Barbara said gravely to her husband. Gene's eyes flickered with amusement. "The burning question was whether Rockhead had eaten the watermelon and then drunk the likker or whether he'd drunk the likker and then eaten the watermelon."

"I never expected to see Doreatha this morning after all that commotion last night." Mrs. Leigh shook her head. "It started while we were sitting out in the yard, cooling off before bedtime, and went on till all hours. Honestly, I didn't think we were ever going to get any sleep, with all that hollerin' and carryin' on."

"Two o'clock when I looked at my watch the last time," Mr. Leigh said. "And cars kept coming in the bootlegger's driveway and backing out and shining the lights in the window, and his hound dog wakes up and barks every time there's a stir—it's a disgrace to the city, that's what it is, and the cops just laugh if you call them about it. H'm. H'm."

"Well, that's what we get for staying on in the old part of town." Gene put out his half-smoked cigarette. In Carlton, segregation meant gray cabins and rickety tenements sprawled back to back with white sections, with an open space, a field or a hollow, between, and a constant slow taking-over of run-down white property. The apartment where Doreatha lived turned the opposite corner from the Leigh home, and Doreatha could get from back door to back door in a matter of moments.

"Well, I'd never get Doreatha so cheap if she didn't live near enough to keep an eye on her place and her little boy," Mrs. Leigh said.

"Yeah, and if you didn't let her stay off every other Monday after those big weekends. Well, I'll be shovin' off." Gene got up, glancing out the back window. "She's picked up two or three more," he grinned.

A couple of neighbor children strolled along beside Doreatha, who was moving with slow, easy grace among the shadows of the willow tree, carrying little Jenny on her shoulder.

"The children all love her," Mrs. Leigh said. "She's so good-natured I don't mind putting up with some inconveniences. Besides, she works hard when she's here, and that's more than you can say for most of them."

"She's neat, too," Mr. Leigh conceded. "If she wasn't a niggah, I'd say she was right pretty."

Barbara finished clearing the table, watching the colored girl among the shadows of the tree, wondering about the calm surface and the rich laughter that seemed to come up from such depths, depths that she was aware of but could not penetrate. Now in the heat, Doreatha moved easily about her tasks, but the deep laughter was less frequent, the slow singing taking its place. She had a vocabulary of laughter like the spoken words of another; at one end was the little chuckling ripple of good humor, and at the other a shaking, high, uncontrollable laughter that sometimes in the night floated clearly from the apartment, but that Barbara had never heard in the Leigh home but once. That was the time Doreatha had come to work bandaged about the head and leg, and she had become almost hysterical telling them what had happened. Rockhead had broken a chair over her, but he hadn't

meant to—oh, it was the funniest thing you ever heard—he had meant to hit someone else. The knife cut in her leg was incidental; she didn't exactly remember how that had happened, but that was one bad man Rockhead had brought home with him, real bad—they had all landed in jail, but it wasn't Rockhead's fault, just this friend of his that wasn't really a friend at all, even the judge had said it wasn't Rockhead's fault this time.

"You didn't need to bother clearin' off, Miss Barbara," Doreatha said now, stooping under the clothes hanging on the line across the back porch. "I put Jenny down and she dropped right off. Whyn't you catch a little nap while she's sleepin'? You look sort of peaked."

There was a knock at the back door, and Doreatha set the dishpan down and opened the screen. The two outside made no move to come in.

If Doreatha was the color of gingerbread batter, her sister Fancy was the black-molasses brown of the finished cake. Bright red roses were fastened in her hair, and Barbara could smell her perfume above the stale-food odor of the kitchen. Fancy managed to look both pert and sullen at the same time; she had a pouting childish face on a woman's body with big firm breasts and swinging buttocks.

"Mama wants a dollar for groceries," she said. "And gimme fifty cents . . . I jus' might want to go to the show."

Doreatha got her battered handed-down pocketbook from the top of the refrigerator and went back. Leaning tall against the door, she looked down at Fancy on the back steps and said something in a low tone. Fancy looked away and spat.

"I don't care nothin' 'bout that. She better not get in my way, tha's all I—"

Doreatha spoke again, and Fancy looked inside and smiled broadly at Barbara. "How you, Miss Barbara?" she said. "Heah, Billy, you carry this back to Ma. Where's that chile gone to—hey Billy, put that thing down, it don't belong to you, come on, I'll let you carry the dollar."

Doreatha's son was a handsome child with tremendous questioning eyes and the same smudgy black eyelashes his mother had, although he was lighter than she. His hair was kinky and light brown. He smiled shyly at Barbara and ran off toward home.

Doreatha's laugh was halfway between apology and pride. "He so bashful, Miss Barbara, I don' know what to do with him."

"You know anybody that wants a job, Doreatha?" Barbara asked. "I have a friend looking for someone, and I promised her I'd ask you."

Doreatha rolled her eyes, mentally going up and down her street. "I got a cousin, Miss Barbara, was talkin' about goin' back to work if she could fin' somebody to look after her baby. I'll see her tomorrow night, I speck."

"What about Fancy? Is she working now?"

"Fancy? Oh, she ain't much for workin', Miss Barbara. Me and Mama, we has a time with Fancy." Doreatha laughed again. "You know, Miss Barbara, she jes' like a chile, she don' think about workin' and behavin' herself. All she think about is men and good times."



Barbara climbed the stairs slowly and dropped across the bed. Even though the artificial breeze of the electric fan rippled the white curtains, the very bed felt hot. Barbara closed her eyes and smoothed out her forehead, hoping to sleep before Jenny waked bright-eyed. She was tired, but the anxious feeling of the morning persisted. Even the still air seemed tense.

From the kitchen window, she could hear Doreatha take up her plaintive tune, a spiritual whose words she could not make out: the laughter was always rich and happy, but the music was husky, sad, and lonesome-sounding.

Everything was still, even the apartment, which seemed to her like a forest that slept by day and wakened at night with strange sounds. She thought vaguely about Doreatha's black mother and about her light son; and with a sorrowful sound of Doreatha's singing floating in her mind, she began to relax and lose touch with reality.

In a dreamy haze, she heard sudden shouts and screams and opened her eyes to stare at the ceiling a moment before she came back to awareness. Then she jumped from the bed and ran to the window, as Mrs. Leigh came through the doorway.

In back of the apartments, where the ground was packed as firmly as cement in a sort of courtyard, two Negro girls were locked in battle, rocking back and forth. As Barbara looked, one of them freed a hand, reached up to jerk the red roses from the other's head, and clawed at her face. They pulled apart and came together again, screaming eerily and cursing. The girl grabbed Fancy by the throat, and they fell shrieking and rolling to the ground. Unintelligible shouts were coming from an audience hanging over back stairways and leaning at perilous angles from the windows. Fancy's black mother, with her head stuck from her window like a bandannaed turtle, moaned loudly, "Oh Lawd, Oh Lawd." But nobody made a move toward the pair.

The Leighs' back door swung to with a bang, and Doreatha's long glide carried her along the garden path. The sun gleamed on her oiled black hair and caught along the blade of the butcher knife, flashing like a mirror, blindingly.

"Doreatha!" Mrs. Leigh called, pulling the screen up and leaning out of the window. Terror and urgency were in her voice, and a desperate effort at authority. "Doreatha, you come right back here. Doreatha, you hear me?"

Doreatha, moving swiftly along the path, did not even turn her head. She had almost reached the huge elm tree that marked the end of the Leighs' lot when a black car whined into the apartment yard and came to a shieking stop. Two policemen burst from the car with guns in their hands, and the audience dissolved. They separated the two girls, holding them apart and threatening them into quiet, piled them into the car, and backed out of the driveway.

Doreatha stood with one hand on the tree trunk, the knife at her side, with the frozen grace of a cat. She watched until the police car wheeled and screeched down the street, and then she turned and came back to the kitchen. In a moment, her song was floating upward again.

Mrs. Leigh and Barbara sat limply on the bed and looked at each other. The curtains belled suddenly into the room. "It is going to rain," Mrs. Leigh said. The sullen clouds on the horizon were boiling upward into the darkening blue of the sky.

That night at dinner, while rain dripped in steady, comforting coolness outside, there was exhilaration in the household. The baby crowed hilariously, bouncing in her chair, when Doreatha stopped to tickle a ridiculous pink foot.

"H'm," Mr. Leigh said. "Doreatha, you oughtn't to worry Mrs. Leigh like you did today. What were you going to do with that knife?"

"Knife?" Doreatha looked around sidewise at him, her eyes wide and her black, winglike eyebrows spread apart.

Then she smiled broadly. "Oh, I jes' happen to have it in my hand," she said. "When I heard all that commotion goin' on, I was cuttin' the corn off the cob."

She pointed to the visible proof of stewed corn on the table, and her easy laugh bubbled up and broke through to the surface.

"Jes' happen to," she said, and went back into the kitchen, her shoulders shaking. Outside, the rain beat steadily down, washing the fig leaves into the light from the window.



# Communication Versus the Mechanics of Communication

by Dougald McD. Monroe, Jr.

John Keats probably concentrated more earnestly and intensely than any other man on the development of his poetic powers. In the midst of this effort, by means of which he made a place for himself among the greatest poets in spite of the fact that he died at the age of twenty-six, he made the following observation:

The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself.

As a way of getting at a better understanding of what is involved in communication, I should like to take a careful, thorough look at this statement, on the assumption that it may have a good bit to say about the process of developing one's ability to communicate in media other than poetry. It seems to me that in this statement, Keats uses the word *genius* in a way somewhat different from the one we are accustomed to meeting. He speaks of *genius* as if it were a person, or at least as if it had some of the characteristics of a person; it is, as used in his statement, capable of "working out its own salvation in a man," and of doing so by "sensation and watchfulness in *itself*." Now this is not a result simply of Keats' use of a kind of poetic license; this sort of near personification of *genius* is etymologically sound. The Latin base, *genere*, or *gignere*, designating the power of generation, gave way to the concept of a spiritual force, especially one with unusual creative or productive powers, and later to the concept of a guardian spirit that enters into a person at birth, resides there and watches over or works

in him to determine his destiny. Although we are accustomed to thinking of the word as merely the name of a quality and as such not having a plural form, or as a descriptive name for a peculiarly brilliant individual, with *geniuses* as its plural; in the sense in which it is used here it has the plural form *genii*, designating spirit-like creatures not unlike fairies or good gremlins. But the genius of poetry of which Keats speaks is perhaps even more like a human being, for he seems to think of it as something that is capable of 'working out its salvation,' or of developing as a person does.

It is probably not hard for us to accept Keats' use of the word *genius* in this sense with reference to poets; poets are geniuses in the more familiar sense of the word. But it seems to me that it is quite logical, and I hope useful, for us to assume that there is in each of us a 'genius' of communication, or at least a force or set of forces that might reasonably be referred to as a 'genius.' My own household is full of verification of this idea; how else but by *genii* can one explain the desire and the capacity children have to learn to make the intricate sounds one must make in order to speak understandably? The child cannot see the motions of tongue and lips and breath that go into the making of the phonemes of our speech; and yet a child learns these intricate manipulations with amazing speed and accuracy. What else but a 'genius of communication' can explain their possession of this capacity, to say nothing of their capacity to learn the immensely complicated patterns of tone and stress and word order by which we put

words together into sentences to produce meaning? Or again, how else but by the genii can we explain the beginnings of language in our primitive ancestors? As Charlton Laird's title (*The Miracle of Language*) suggests, the phenomena of language are indeed miraculous, the products of some supernatural spirit and force which we might as well call a genius.

If we are willing to accept this kind of view of a genius of communication in us, we still have the question of how it 'works out its salvation.' Keats makes a statement about how the genius of poetry is saved, and it seems to me that this statement also applies to any genius of communication we might have in our unpoetic beings. Keats had been given a great deal of advice on how to become a poet. He had sought and found and attempted to follow a great many rules. And he had reached a conviction that his genius could not be matured by anything applied to it from without, but only by "sensation and watchfulness in itself"; it had to "work out its own salvation." And I am convinced that all the prescriptions of the so-called grammarians, all of words of advice about style in the rhetoric and composition books, all the red marks in the margins of pages, indeed all laws, rules, or precepts are ineffectual in maturing the genius of communication in any person; it can only be done "by sensation and watchfulness in itself." In other words, one can only learn to write, but cannot be taught to write.

The key point in Keat's statement of how the genius matures is that it does so by "sensation and watchfulness." Neither of these words has for us quite the meaning it had in Keats' day. The modern equivalent of his *sensation* would probably be *sensitivity*. And the *watchfulness* which he uses would probably be best restated today as *the habit of careful observation*. And in these two conceptions, sensitivity and the habit of careful observation, we have important clues to the process by which our ability to communicate, our genius of communication, develops into its fullest maturity.

I should like to speak of four aspects of the

process by which the genius of communication matures within us. I see these as four areas in which the application of sensitivity and the habit of careful observation apply: 1) our knowledge of ourselves and our own experience; 2) our response to other people, especially our readers or hearers; 3) our attitude toward the language; 4) our attitude toward truth. The process of becoming mature in our use of our capacity to communicate is in large measure, it seems to me, the process of becoming sensitive to and observant of what we ourselves are and have experienced, what other people are and want and feel, the language which both conveys and shapes our ideas, and that illusive reality which we call truth.

There is a sense in which—and I suppose that David Hume is the most famous exponent of this view—we have no knowledge except of our own sensations and reactions, and our observation of these sensations and reactions. And, avoiding the morass of philosophical speculation, there is a very real and commonplace sense in which we ourselves and our own experience are all we have to communicate to other people. Even research, which we are accustomed to think of as an objective activity, requires self-knowledge; Graff and Barzun, in *The Modern Researcher*, make a very good case for regarding "self-awareness" as one of the basic qualities required of the researcher today. And indeed it seems to me that one can hope to communicate in a mature manner only when he has developed the fullest possible sense of what he is, including an awareness of the limitations of his knowledge, the nature and meaning of his peculiar experience, the sort of biases and preconceptions that he brings to his treatment of any subject, the strengths and the weaknesses of his own mind. It is only out of such an awareness that a man can hope to gain the humility needed to avoid dogmatizing and pontificating, and the confidence needed to speak or write in a voice that is his own and to convey to others what he and only he can have to communicate—his own peculiar experience of life, his own vision of reality.



But communication involves a transfer of ideas between persons, and the sender or receiver of communications must of necessity develop an attitude toward those at the other end of the line. The possible attitudes vary from extreme antagonism to an intense desire to share. Although a good many of the activities of men of all ages would seem to argue that the genius of communication was conceived primarily as a means by which men attempt to overpower or inveigle their fellow men, such attempts are, I believe, its more primitive uses; its maturity comes from its use as an instrument for sharing with others some part of what is most valuable to us. It is only when we approach communication with this attitude that we can be sensitive, both as recipients and as originators of messages. As readers or hearers we are obliged to have something of the state of mind Coleridge indicates in his statement: "until I understand a man's ignorance I presume myself ignorant of his understanding." This would seem to me to be a minimum requirement of suspension of judgment, of willingness to hear man out and use our best efforts to understand him.

Though I would argue, then, that sensitive and careful application of one's best powers to the process of communication is as much a duty of the recipient as of the sender, the demand for sensitivity and carefulness of observation upon the writer or speaker, especially the writer, is a much more difficult one than the demand upon the reader or hearer. The writer must, it seems to me, conceive of his reader as a person of good will, one who will make a genuine effort to understand. Though there are, of course, antagonistic and cynical readers, one must address himself even to them as if they were charitable; only in such an atmosphere can one's capacity to communicate mature. Another way of stating the point I am trying to make here is that communication should take place in an atmosphere of discussion rather than argument, of ideas or issues rather than personalities, or of thought rather than emotion. Even within this framework, though,

there is constant demand upon one's capacity to sense the possible reactions of a reader. One must avoid insulting the intelligence of his reader by including unnecessary explanation and detail, but must at the same time provide enough to keep his reader from feeling lost in generalization and abstraction. He must be sensitive to possible implications of everything he says, and must avoid even a tone of voice that could seem pompous or dogmatic. The whole process, in fact, requires a writer's best abilities to anticipate the possible reactions to whatever he writes. He cannot do so by following rules, but only by becoming sensitive to the responses of people and by observing carefully the way they react in a variety of linguistic situations.

Such reactions can hardly be considered except in terms of the nature of language, which, as the medium by which communication is carried on, is at the heart of the process. There are a few facts about the nature of language that point up the need for reliance upon sensitivity and careful observation rather than upon rules; three of these are: 1) the fact that language changes; 2) the fact that language is based upon mutual agreement; and 3) the fact that language is always to some extent inadequate. A good many people who are quite willing to admit that the English language has changed tremendously since Anglo-Saxon times are firmly convinced that it ought not to be changing today. Otto Jespersen, in his *Growth And Structure Of The English Language* (Anchor Books, No. 46, p. 223) after an extensive analysis of the changes in English from its beginnings, has this to say:

There is no reason to suppose that this development has come to a stop with the twentieth century: let us hope that in the future the more and more almighty school-master may not nip too many beneficial changes in the bud.

Jespersen also speaks of the desirability of the user of the language having "patiently studied the history of the past and trained himself to hear the linguistic grass grow in the present

age.” The ability to see the changes that are in progress in the language, to utilize the impact that a word’s history gives it and at the same time to recognize nuances arising from its present state in the history of the language, depends in large measure upon a writer’s sensitivity to language and his ability to observe it accurately.

Just as it is frequently hard for us to reconcile ourselves to the fact of change in language, the concept that language is based upon mutual agreement is also hard for us to accept. Our tendency to want to refuse to accept it is delightfully illustrated in a conversation between Alice and Humpty Dumpty, in Lewis Carroll’s *Through The Looking Glass*. In this conversation, often quoted in books on writing, Humpty Dumpty had referred to something or other’s having produced a “real glory.” It didn’t quite make sense to Alice, and she asked him what he meant by “a real glory.” He replied that “a real glory” means “a nice knock-down argument.” Alice objected that “glory” didn’t mean “knock-down argument.”

“When I use a word,” Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, “it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.”

“The question is,” said Alice, “whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.”

We can have some sympathy for Humpty Dumpty here: we know what we mean when we say something, and, by golly, we mean what we mean—“neither more nor less.” But we must rely upon what has been established by mutual agreement as the meaning of any word—we must rely upon what it *actually* means to our readers, even though we may feel that it *ought* to mean something else. And this is true not only of the basic meaning (denotation) of a word, but of its emotional flavor (connotation) as well. No amount of desire on our part can change the fact that people are going to react to a particular word in a certain way. Again the implication is that the approach to successful communication depends upon great sensi-

tivity and ability to observe carefully and accurately. And even the most precise and up-to-date dictionary can never tell us all we need to know about these matters.

The other fact about language to which I have referred is that language is never perfect. As T. S. Eliot has put it, in “Burnt Norton”:

Words strain,

Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,

Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,

Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,

Will not stay still.

And there are also imperfections in the users of the language—the writer with his inability to see his subject or his reader perfectly, and the reader with his inability to grasp fully. The implication of this fact is that the writer should never hope to express something perfectly, but should say it as well as he can, then say again in different words, then illustrate, etc., depending upon the complexity of his subject. His ability to approach perfection will depend in large measure upon his ability to sense or see, and remedy, all the sorts of imperfection in his words, himself, and his reader. Here again it seems to me apparent that rules can be of little value, that one can only rely on “sensation and watchfulness.”

Even more subtle is the question of our attitude toward truth. At one level, attention to truth demands a capacity to see and accept those facts that run counter to our wishes, that, if taken seriously, would upset our prejudices and invalidate some of our pet ideas. On another level it involves our attitude toward truth as an absolute. In an age of relativity, what can one safely say about truth? It seems to me that one must be sensitive to and observant of both the relativity of things in the present age and the persistent conviction of men in all ages that there is an absolute. Without a sense of the absolute one can hardly be expected to take the important problems seriously. On the other hand it seems to me that the



complexity of our age makes it imperative that we recognize that, although truth exists, no mere mortal can be the possessor of it. In his "Areopagitica" Milton describes truth as a form that once was whole but has now been cut to pieces and scattered to the four corners of the earth. The "sad friends of Truth" have ever since then been hunting for and trying to piece together the fragments of the broken body of truth, knowing that they can never succeed in a complete reconstruction of it in this life, but diligent in their effort to make the image as near complete as possible. When we see truth in some such manner as this, and conceive of communication as the process by which we pool our fragments, we will be likely to make the greatest demands upon our sensitivity and our ability to observe carefully. The blind men in the fable of the blind men and the elephant had failed to grasp this concept. Each of them assumed that he had truth, and they argued about whether an elephant was like a rope or a post or a wall, instead of pooling their fragments of truth so that they all might gain a better conception of what the elephant is really like.

I am aware that I have not said much about the last half of my subject—the mechanics of communication. But if I have made the point that I set out to make—that mature communication is an intricate and subtle and complicated process demanding our best powers of sensitivity and perceptiveness—it would seem to follow inevitably that it is not a mechanical process. And when we regard it as merely mechanical we can succeed only in doing what Paul Roberts describes as characteristic composition course writing in his chapter, "How to Say Nothing in Five Hundred Words." We must, of course, know something about the mechanics of communication; but we can hope that we will never allow ourselves to assume that it is all there is to know about it. For the genius of communication "must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by law and precept (as mechanical matters can), but by sensation and watchfulness in itself."

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# Cypress Gardens

Do not look down

Or drown, drown  
Tangled in gray-green hair  
Strangled in thick air,  
In a dark sleep

Drift; drift deep  
As deep  
As trees lift high  
Into that deepest sky  
Locked in  
Obsidian.

Wayfarer  
Do not look down  
Into that black mirror  
Or drown, drown  
Like those fantastic petals fiery in  
Polished obsidian  
Clouded with gray and green  
Tangle of leaf and moss.

Do not listen to the drowsy voices  
Of the enchanted birds  
That haunt these waters  
Or the slow-spoken words  
That ghostly voices  
Chant from the lost depths of these black waters.

Flower-bright eyes  
And your white-flower face  
Will float like living petals there  
Deep in black glass  
And your black hair  
Twist with the gray-green tendrils of the moss.

Drift down  
Enchanted sleeper  
Deeper  
Deeper  
Drown . . .

Do not look down.

HARRIET DOAR

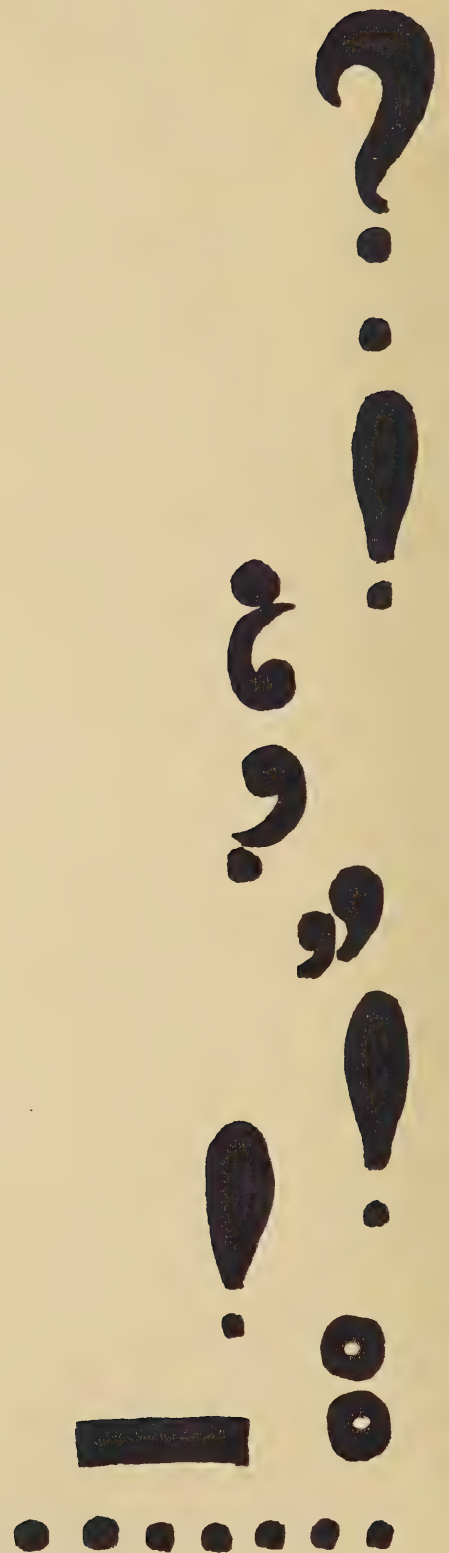


## Memory

First the translucent reds; and then the yellows;  
And then the bronze-deep browns. Now there is only  
Clutter of dead leaves rusted on black stem  
And stripped silver trunks among the pines—  
The anachronistic pines in ancient green  
Studded with black cones and skeletoned  
With black. A thin wash of rain is blurring  
The green needles and soaking the dead leaves limp.

Life withdraws into itself, contracts  
Into essential line. It is I who call it  
Sorrowful; I who remember spring,  
Cry summer's wreckage and the burnt-out fall.  
Leaf memory does not mourn. It builds already  
The many-layered bud seeded with death.

HARRIET DOAR



*Punctuation Doodle by Rosallen Spencer*



# A Comedy of Commas

by Maxwell Nurnberg

Maxwell Nurnberg has taught courses in Mastering Good English; he wrote *What's the Good Word* and is co-author of *How to Build a Better Vocabulary*. His essay, "A Comedy of Commas," is reprinted by permission of the Division of General Education, New York University.

The comedy of commas, of course, is that it is a comedy of errors. And speaking of which, let us note immediately that Shakespeare knew how to get a laugh through the judicious placing of a wiggly comma. Listen to this exchange (*Othello*, Act III, Scene 1):

CASSIO: Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

CLOWN: No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

The dictionary defines the comma as "a mark of punctuation (,) used to indicate the smallest interruptions in continuity of thought or grammatical constructions." But this demure definition should not be taken to deny the demoniacal quality of this inconspicuous little spot on a page. The comma has caused a great deal more than its fair share of trouble in legal documents, in love letters—indeed, in all sorts of important communications. Naturally enough, people who have not been in a grammar class for some years feel uncomfortable when they confront the tiny irritant.

At any rate, the comma has its lighter side. Like Shakespeare, many a sign-board scribbler today knows how to get a striking effect by unexpected punctuation. He can take a trespass warning like

PRIVATE  
NO SWIMMING  
ALLOWED

and turn it into a public invitation reading

PRIVATE?  
NO! SWIMMING  
ALLOWED

You may get a laugh from some of the sentences given below, but you will also get an idea of how important punctuation is in making sentences say what you want them to say.

How good are you at differentiating between the parallel sentences that follow—sentences in which the presence or absence of some mark of punctuation makes all the difference? To help you find out how good you are, answers are given on page 34. If you get all 24 right, it's sheer perfection; 20 or more is excellent; 15 to 20, good. If you get less than 15, perhaps a refresher course is indicated!

- 1.a) Thirteen girls knew the secret, all told.
- b) Thirteen girls knew the secret; all told. (Which is a libel on the fair sex?)
- 2.a) I left him convinced he was a fool.
- b) I left him, convinced he was a fool. (Which sentence shows extraordinary powers of persuasion?)
- 3.a) Mr. Rogers, the secretary is two hours late.
- b) Mr. Rogers, the secretary, is two hours late. (In which sentence is Mr. Rogers likely to be bawled out?)



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- 4.a) What's the latest dope?
- b) What's the latest, dope?  
(Both are slang greetings but which is insulting?)
- 5.a) The butler was asked to stand by the door and call the guests names as they arrived.
- b) The butler was asked to stand by the door and call the guests' names as they arrived.  
(Which may result in an embarrassing situation?)
- 6.a) Shall I stick the stamp on, myself?
- b) Shall I stick the stamp on myself?  
(Which will require a lot of postage?)
- 7.a) The Republicans, say the Democrats, are sure to win the 1956 election.
- b) The Republicans say the Democrats are sure to win the 1956 election.  
(Both statements are in the realm of fantasy, but which prediction means a change in administration?)
- 8.a) SENATE GROUP EATS CHICKENS, CABINET WIVES, SWEETBREADS.
- b) SENATE GROUP EATS CHICKENS; CABINET WIVES, SWEETBREADS.  
(Which headline seems cannibalistic?)
- 9.a) The President urged voters to elect Republican senators and congressmen, who would be sure to support his program to the hilt.
- b) The President urged voters to elect Republican senators and congressmen who would be sure to support his program to the hilt.  
(Which is a blanket endorsement of all Republican candidates?)
- 10.a) In the parade will be several hundred children, carrying flags, and many important officials.
- b) In the parade will be several hundred children, carrying flags and many important officials.  
(Which is easier for the children?)
- 11.a) A pretty young salesgirl waited on me.
- b) A pretty, young salesgirl waited on me.



- (By which salesgirl would you rather be waited on?)
- 12.a) A clever dog knows it's master.  
b) A clever dog knows its master.  
(In which case does the dog have the upper paw?)
- 13.a) The play ended, happily.  
b) The play ended happily.  
(Which is unflattering to the play?)
- 14.a) Go slow—children.  
b) Go slow, children.  
(Which is a warning to drivers?)
- 15.a) POPULATION OF NEW YORK CITY BROKEN DOWN BY AGE AND SEX.  
b) POPULATION OF NEW YORK CITY, BROKEN DOWN BY AGE AND SEX.  
(Which headline is unfair to 8,000,000 people?)
- 16.a) Miami must still play Iowa, which tied Notre Dame, and Missouri.  
b) Miami must still play Iowa, which tied Notre Dame and Missouri.  
(In which case has Miami only one game left to play?)
- 17.a) What great scientist recently wrote an article beginning with the three-word sentence, "I am frightened?"  
b) What great scientist recently wrote an article beginning with the three-word sentence, "I am frightened?"  
(In which sentence does the scientist imply that he is not frightened?)
- 18.a) Everyone I know has a secret ambition.  
b) Everyone, I know, has a secret ambition.  
(In which one has the speaker pried into the private lives of his friends?)
- 19.a) Do not break your bread or roll in your soup.  
b) Do not break your bread, or roll in your soup.  
(Both show bad manners but which is harder to do?)
- 20.a) He ate a half-fried chicken.  
b) He ate a half fried chicken.  
(Which was probably followed by heartburn?)
- 21.a) We'd like to have you see our students work.  
b) We'd like to have you see our students' work.  
(Which is an invitation to some kind of exhibit?)
- 22.a) In other words, the accent is on the second syllable.  
b) In other words the accent is on the second syllable.  
(Which is merely a repetition for emphasis?)
- 23.a) In normal times the company I work for employs a hundred odd men and women.  
b) In normal times the company I work for employs a hundred-odd men and women.  
(In which company would you rather be personnel manager?)
- 24.a) She, too, eagerly awaits the spring.  
b) She too eagerly awaits the spring.  
(Which is the neurotic personality?)

BOB

*Wefsh*

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# Nuances

## on a Theme by Pound

Thank you, whatever comes.  
Because what you have given me  
Will last forever.

For some, love is theirs for a lifetime  
To deepen, broaden, mature,  
To grow ever richer and fuller  
With the flow of time.

For others, the glory of love is theirs  
For only a minute—a second—  
Before the dark curtain is drawn  
And everything  
    is lost.

The moments I have shared your love  
Have been more than most wondrous. The radiance  
of that love, in this short time,  
Has illuminated my life  
And given meaning  
Where once there was none.

This love has tinged with brilliant hues  
    The bleakest shadows of my world,  
    The dark corners of my heart.  
It has revealed new boundless dimensions,  
Opened new doors,  
Shown me new paths,  
Incited me to strive for nobler, higher goals.  
All this your love has done, and more:  
You have thus enriched my life.

So thank you, whatever comes.  
I will lose you, I know; but that gained  
From knowing you, loving you  
Will never be lost.

AMELIA ALEXANDER

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HAPPY DEATHDAY

by Betty Parker Denton

Kay awoke with a start, and she knew immediately that she was frightened. She looked at the clock, but it was too dark for her to tell the time. She heard her husband's quiet breathing, and she reached over and touched his shoulder. Then she realized what had awakened and frightened her. A small, dull pain started in the small of her back, intensified and enlarged until the entire lower half of her body was drawn and cramped.

"Turn on the light," she said to her husband in a desperate whisper. He did not budge. The next time she gave him a sharp little kick in the back. "Turn on the light, Phil. Hurry!"

Phil awoke and fumbled for the light switch. The sudden light blinded them for a moment. Then Kay saw the clock. Her heart sank, and her throat closed with fear. "Is it only 10:30?" she cried. "Can it be only 10:30? Is the clock running, Phil? It must be way past midnight."

"That's right, honey—10:30. I had barely closed my eyes when you called. What time did you expect it to be? Is something the matter?"

"I don't know. It just seems so much later than 10:30."

"Well, no wonder. You went to bed at eight, remember? I guess it does seem like morning to you. Let me get you a sleeping tablet."

"Oh, no, Phil. The baby's on the way. That's why I woke you up. We've got to get dressed and be on our way."

Phil gave her a look of disbelief. "Are you sure? Why didn't you say so? Why all this fuss over the time if you're having a baby? The least you could do is act excited over it instead of arguing with the clock."

"Sometimes time is very important, my dear. It can mean the difference between life and death."

"Maybe that's true, but we don't have time to be philosophical now. Time can make the difference between my delivering the baby in the car and Dr. Gatlin's delivering it in the hospital. Come on. Let's get dressed. Shall I call Mrs. Benson to come over and stay the rest of the night?"

"Yes, but please be quiet. I don't want Randy to wake up and start asking questions. When he wakes up in the morning, maybe it will be all over. Then you can tell him everything at once."



"He knows what to expect. We've prepared him well enough."

"But he'll still have lots of questions, and I don't want to answer them now."

Phil called Mrs. Benson, and they dressed quickly and quietly. Kay's pains were light and irregular, and she felt no urgency to hurry except that in an hour and a half it would be midnight. When Mrs. Benson arrived, they were all ready to go. Kay gave her the few necessary instructions.

After they had gone out of the door, Kay stopped abruptly. "Oh, I forgot something," she said. "You go ahead and start the car, Phil. I'll be out in a minute."

"O. K. But if you can't find it, don't spend too much time looking."

Kay hurried back into the house. "I forgot something," she said in answer to Mrs. Benson's quizzical look.

Kay had not forgotten anything. She wanted to go in and see Randy alone, and this was the only way she knew to keep anyone from seeing her. She tiptoed into his room. The hall light illuminated the room enough for her to see him. She looked at him as long as she dared. Before she left, she put her hand on his smooth cheek. "Goodbye, angel," she whispered. "May the world be kind to my precious baby boy." Then she left quickly without looking back.

"Did you find it?" inquired Mrs. Benson as Kay passed through the living room.

"No, but it wasn't important."

"If you'll tell me what it is, maybe I can find it and send it to you."

"Never mind, it wasn't important."

Kay and Phil rode for some distance in silence.

"So this is the end," Kay thought to herself. "You can fight, but you never win. Sometimes you're tricked into thinking you're winning, but the game is fixed from the day you're born."

Kay could not remember when she had first realized that she was going to die when she was thirty-three. She had often tried to remember a time when this realization had not been a part of her life, but she could not. It was as if that bit of knowledge had been in her brain at birth, and it had grown as she had grown until it had become bigger than she. Then she had surrendered to it with resignation. When she was very young, the thought of dying at thirty-three had not upset her. When one is sixteen, thirty-three is just as far in the remote future as sixty-six. It was only after she was well into her twenties that she became really disturbed by the thought of dying so young.

Randy had been born the year that Kay was twenty-three, and she had suffered from nervous exhaustion the spring that he was a baby. Her case had been a rather acute one, and she had spent several weeks in the hospital under a psychiatrist's care. It was during the follow-up visits to the psychiatrist that she had told him about her obsession. She had told him about it with the hope that he would explode her fear and reassure her so well that she would forget it right away. But the doctor had not declared the idea absurd. He had traced back through her childhood and had found

a possible cause for her obsession, but he had never told her that she would not die at thirty-three. By finding the origin of her obsession, he had, it seemed to Kay, added to its credence.

The years from twenty-three to thirty-three had been busy, and they had passed quickly. Kay had not lived in constant dread of approaching thirty-three; she had even forgotten for short periods of time. But ever so often the old fear had returned—suddenly and sharply—when she least expected it. Birthdays had piled upon one another. Kay hardly became used to being twenty-eight before she was twenty-nine. It was in her thirties that the dread of dying had really seized her; and when she had realized the futility of resisting it, she had accepted it.

Kay's thirty-third birthday had been uneventful, and so had the weeks that followed. With each day that passed leaving her safe and alive, Kay had begun to have more and more hope that the whole thing had been a foolish and childish fear. But then she had discovered that she was pregnant, and she knew that death had deliberately laid a trap for her. She knew that there were a million ways to die, but she felt certain that she was going to die in childbirth. Death had been clever with his trap. The doctor had established the date of her baby's birth at two weeks before Kay's thirty-fourth birthday.

Phil had been delighted to hear that his wife was pregnant again. Randy was ten years old and growing away from them. He had begun to develop those little selfish traits that an only child so frequently has. It would be good for everyone concerned to have a baby in the family. He hoped that a baby would help to draw Kay out of the depressions that she had experienced with increasing frequency during the last few years. Kay had never told Phil that she knew when she was going to die. He would either have taken it too lightly, or he would have worried about it. She would not have liked either reaction, so she did not tell him. She did not believe that sharing her burden would make it any lighter for her. Their last days together would be happier for both of them if he did not know.

As the time approached when her baby was due, Kay had begun to make careful preparations for the baby's birth—and her death. She was glad that she had known Mrs. Benson, a semi-retired practical nurse who would be able to stay on as long as Phil needed her. She did many little things to make the adjustment period easier for Phil. She had written a long letter for Randy that he would understand when he was older.

The day that Dr. Gatlin had established as *the* day had come and passed, and so had the next and the next. Kay had wanted to hope, but she was afraid. The day before her birthday, however, hope had sprung up inside her wildly and uncontrollably. Her only thought was that in one more day, in a few more hours, she would be released from the terrible obsession that had haunted her for years. She would be free to live without that eternal shadow in just one more day. Kay had gone to bed at eight o'clock, hoping to go to sleep immediately and sleep until the dawn of the beautiful new day that would bring a new life.

And now Kay was on her way to the hospital. She was still thirty-three, and she knew that she had lost. "Death lays a clever trap," she thought to herself. "Just when you think you're about to escape, he slams the door in your face. He teases and torments because he knows he will win eventually. Happy birthday, happy deathday. I went to bed at eight o'clock hoping to sleep peacefully and soundly and wake up to see the light of a happy birthday. Happy birthday, happy deathday. Thirty-three years, three hundred and sixty-four days, and all was well. Mama died when I was born, and Papa became a drunkard. Poor little orphan. Phil won't become a drunkard. He will marry again, and the children will have a mother. Don't call her Mother! Love her—if you must—but don't call her Mother . . . Selfish! What does it matter if they call her Mother? They won't remember me even if they don't call her Mother."

Kay brought herself back to reality abruptly. She was ashamed of her thoughts, and of her bitterness. But she was not bitter toward Phil. After all, he was the one who was really going to suffer most, and he was completely unprepared for what was going to happen. She felt that there was something that she wanted to say to him, but she didn't know what. They had been so quiet as they rode that she hardly knew how to begin. She groped for some word that would tell him her feelings without alarming him.

"Phil . . ." she began, "if anything should happen to me, I want you to marry again. It wouldn't be fair to the children if you didn't just because you—thought it would be disloyal or something . . ." She hesitated.

Phil looked at her oddly for a moment. Then he smiled and reached over and took her hand.

"Don't talk that way, honey. Nothing's going to happen to anyone. We're both going to live to be tottering old grandparents."

Kay had no time to be reassured by Phil's words. A car raced into the boulevard from a side street and, without slowing, hit them on the left. The crash of steel and shattering glass left Kay semi-conscious, numbed by shock. She remembered only sketchily what happened after that. She recalled Phil lying on the pavement, his face very white with a little trickle of blood running down it; sirens and lights and excited voices; the terrible pain in her back. She remembered being carried on a stretcher into the hospital, and hearing a remote voice giving instructions: "Don't put the woman in the emergency room. She's in labor. Take her up to sixth floor."

Before Kay lost consciousness, she was aware that people were doing things for her. She heard them talking, but she was too numb to be alarmed. Phrases like *pelvic injury* and *Caesarean* floated meaninglessly into her consciousness. She felt the sharp prick of a needle in her arm, and the voices receded farther and farther until she heard no more.

A little ray of sunlight played across Kay's pillow. She looked at it for a long time before comprehending what it was or where she was. Then slowly she began to remember things. She felt her abdomen.

"I've had my baby," she thought. "I'm alive, and I'm thirty-four years



old, and the sun is shining. I didn't die. O God! Thank you for letting me live!"

A doctor came into Kay's room. He smiled when he saw that she was awake. Kay didn't recognize the doctor, but she was bursting with questions.

"Do I have a baby? Is it all right? May I see it now?"

The doctor seemed reluctant to answer.

"I don't know, Mrs. Johnson. You'll have to find out all those things from Dr. Gatlin. I am the doctor who was in the emergency room when your husband was brought in last night."

The wreck! Kay had completely forgotten about the wreck. But now the sight of her husband's white face with the blood trickling down flashed into her mind with sickening clarity.

"My husband!" she cried. "O, Doctor, is he all right? I must see him right away!"

The doctor came over and took her hand and held it very tightly.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Johnson. We did all we could. He died a few minutes before midnight."

## And with the passing of summer

It was summer  
Lilies bloomed beside every path  
    their new-found glory  
    bursting forth into unsurpassed  
    blue and white radiance.  
We heard sounds never heard before  
    the grasshopper's rustling music  
    the eerie mating call of the geese  
        as they circled above, making grey-white  
        arcs against the sky.  
We wandered down beside the water  
    and watched the mud-crabs  
    draw strange patterns, as they  
    moved in accord with the  
    rustling weed-grasses.  
We tried to read their message  
but the waters lapped the sands smooth.  
It will be summer always  
I thought  
but summer passed  
and it was cold.

SARAH ANN JENNETTE

# Address for Queens College Senior Recognition Day

*September 22, 1959*

by Mrs. Elizabeth Cumming

It is a privilege to have been chosen today to speak for this college community in recognition of our seniors. The word, I believe, is double in intent. As I look at you, my senior friends, known to me formerly in sweaters, skirts, separates, and even bermuda shorts, I must perform a conscious act of recognition to know you in your present panoply. This achieved, the other kind of recognition follows gladly: my colleagues join with me in hailing the achievement which has brought you to your final year of college and in welcoming you to the fellowship of mature students into which, we hope, your college degree will be an entrance and an open door. What I shall say today is addressed to you; all other visiting friends are cordially invited to listen in.

The robes which you have today assumed, and which you have become accustomed to see upon your professors on dignified occasions, have been bitterly assailed by some modern critics as "academic taradiddle." Perhaps you remember a sprightly essay by Roger Holmes in the anthology which you used as freshmen, in which he said of college faculties, "We stand on little raised platforms, the equivalent of the pedestal; we put high-sounding letters after our names; and we march in academic processions, clothed in magnificent medieval costumes. All in all we manage by such devices to convey the impression that we know what we are talking about." And H. L. Mencken, in his famous essay "Star-Spangled Men," was no more merciful to the professors than to the Elks and the Masons. Undoubtedly we owe gratitude

to Mr. Holmes and his ilk for helping us not to take ourselves too seriously. Yet they have never been able to destroy the delight of most of us in academic dress. Assumed originally as protection in the often violent wars between town and gown, and still worn in Oxford and Cambridge to place night-prowling students firmly under University jurisdiction, these robes have become a treasured symbol of some of the kinds of unity, or fellowship, that are among the best that life has to offer. Of these I should like to mention three.

The first of these fellowships is the world community of university students and young graduates of your own age, citizens of your own time, sharers of your present endeavor to find out about life from books and in laboratories and from those older in the quest, to train the mind for living. From what an infinite variety of sheltering institutions do they come, ancient as Bologna with its halls decked with the coats of arms of medieval students, modern as the shining new laboratories in the skyscraper university of Moscow! As I look at you in this universal garb, I see them all behind you, as I have met and talked with them this past year. I recognize in you the Dutch students, pedaling to their work at the University of Leyden on every known kind of bicycle, while the carillons in the high towers showered them with silvery notes; or English scholars striding to their panelled dining halls through the blue, misty dusk of an Oxford evening. I am sitting again at a café table on a Paris sidewalk, watching the cosmopolitan hordes of students who



throng that city, exulting in their beards and their adventures in the seat of tolerance. You remind me of the Indian students, the girls beautiful in rainbow saris, who color the streets and little squares of Bloomsbury, studying at the University of London; and of a handsome Ethiopian boy, a painter, with whom I talked on the top of the Campanile of San Marco in Venice, while the great bells shook the tower. I think of the young, serious faces of the theological students in Rome, some in scarlet, some in black with brilliant sashes, some tonsured and some barefoot; and of a Portuguese lad encountered by a pool in Lisbon where swans floated, who described to us the ways of the University of Coimbra. I remember the serious, hard-working young Russian scientists manning their ponderous building at the World's Fair in Brussels; and I think with affectionate anxiety of the Spanish students, in their black marble halls on the outskirts of Madrid, looking out to the snow-capped Guadarrama Range, built for them by the dictator who wants them out of the city where they offered him too stout resistance. This is the great association in which your black gowns symbolize your membership! "A university," said Newman, "is a place of concourse; all the riches of the world are carried up thither." And to the universities flock the students, seeking these riches of skills and knowledge, art and culture, seeking, all of them, the way to the good life. I do not think that we have been wrong in trying to make this association real to you through providing ever increasing means for student exchange between countries, or in hoping that eventually this may be one of the strongest beams in the structure of world peace which we are trying to build. I hope that many of you may have a year of graduate study abroad. We were proud of many young Americans whom we met in Europe; I think of two, one studying Arabic in Paris, and one Indian dialects and culture in London, in serious dedication to careers in American relationships with those countries; and of a third, a historian, who had greatly endeared himself to the young intellectuals of Barcelona.

In the almost thirty years since I had been to Europe before, a change had come; formerly all young Americans wanted to go to Europe, and the Europeans were very receptive to their coming; now almost all European students wish eagerly for a year in America! It was a happy thing to visit in the home and the university, Montpellier, of the lovely French girl, Christiane Rimbault, whom most of you knew as a college mate here at Queens two years ago, to find her missing us a great deal, and to hear her professor father say, with warm appreciation, that her year at Queens had done her nothing but good. I bring you her greetings, and I urge you to realize in every way you can your membership in the world community of students, symbolized by the internationally known academic gown.

There is a second fellowship to which the scholar's garb will admit you, if you maintain your interest in the life of the mind, and especially continue to advance in some field of knowledge, perhaps adding to your black the colored hoods which stand for graduate degrees, and to your experience the activity of a teacher or research scholar. This is an even more deeply bound brotherhood than that of university students; it exists between productive scholars in a common field. It cuts across international barriers with delightful ease. Let me illustrate again, shamelessly, from personal experience. My husband is of the brotherhood of historical cartographers, strange souls to whom the sight of a half-drawn, half-discovered country on a vellum manuscript map is as intoxicating as wine. There are not many of these, and their welcome to each other is glowing. Within two days after our arrival in the unknown city of Rotterdam, we are lunching with a historical cartographer, a wonderful old Dutch gentleman, in a famous, ancient yacht club on the shores of the harbor. Homes opened to us, and the resources of priceless libraries and collections were ours. The locked door of the wonderful Map Room of the British Museum opened to us, and four men brought out the Klenke Atlas of Bleau, the largest book in the

world, which rides on wheels. Credentials from the British Museum were added to those we had; a cartographical correspondent delivered us to a Jesuit father in Rome, through whose good offices we were admitted to the fabulous treasures of the library of the Vatican, saluted in each morning by the Swiss guard and climbing the intricately frescoed stairway. In Seville, in the famous archives of the Indies, my husband met a gentleman entitled "Professor of Discoveries"; in Simancas the Spanish records are in a moated castle. In Tours the chief archivist graciously busied himself in identifying the maker of a map discovered in Madrid; and in Mantua, a judge, two lawyers, a press interpreter, a count, a countess and the president and vice president of a bank all joined in helping the visiting American professor to see a legally sequestered map of America which Baldassare Castiglione, author of "The Courtier" and ambassador to Spain, had smuggled back to his native city in the sixteenth century! The feeling of common concern with all these people was deep and real. This would be true, I am sure, in any field of study, for the heart specialist, for instance, whom we met on the boat, going with Dr. Paul White to Poland to join heart doctors there in earnest conference. This is a fruitful and a heartening bond.

One more fellowship is symbolized in your academic dress, which has not changed its style since universities arose around the scholars of the Middle Ages; this community cuts across the lines, not of space, but of time: the fellowship of scholars and inquirers of all ages. We find the members of this fellowship in books, but they speak to us as friends. Chaucer's clerk of Oxenford will doubtless come to your mind, that cheerful booklover who had to have them in reach, as you do, when he went to bed, and who loved learning and its converse, teaching. A phrase from a member of this fellowship, long dead, may speak your thought, as Thoreau, angular New England student of nature, spoke to Dean Larson the other day and helped him to define the use of leisure for you. Its members know, across the years, the common

problem, the continuing quest. Timeless robes, and Latin ritual, and scraps of antique ceremony when we give degrees have meaning here. Ask Mrs. Chalmers if she knelt, as I did, before the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, to be blessed "In nomine patris, filii, spiritu sancti."

What is the value of a symbol? Is it "taradiddle"? Why have the modern poets so dedicated themselves to symbolism as a means of communication? Is this investing of an object with spiritual weight and meaning perhaps an earnest, sometimes passionate attempt to draw into unity man physical and man spiritual, man the practical bungler and man the soaring idealist? The answers to these questions are beyond my powers, but this I know: symbols have been deeply treasured by men throughout history. May I illustrate.

In the spring of 1945, the German universities, closed after the Nazi defeat, were reopened. In many cases it was the older scholars who were asked to head them, because they had not been Nazi sympathizers. Such a one was Dr. Hoops, distinguished authority in early English Literature, who was named Rector of the newly reopening University of Heidelberg. My husband was working in Germany for the United States State Department at that time, helping to edit the captured German documents, and he called on Dr. Hoops to ask if there was anything he could do to help. He knew that this was a terrifically difficult assignment for an old man: the students were sullen and apathetic, the Nazis openly hostile, the occupying forces critical, and the man himself weakened by privation. Dr. Hoops thanked him. "Yes," he said, "there is one thing. Would it be possible to recover the great golden mace which was always borne at the head of our academic procession when Heidelberg held an honored place among free universities?" "Yes," said my husband. "I have seen the mace in a castle where it was hidden; I shall get it for you." This was done; and when the university opened, the aged scholar advanced, in the strength of the symbol, to lead Heidelberg back to its proud position.

Seniors, I recognize you, clad in the symbolic garb of your membership in the world community of students, stretching across space and time. And this last word. As I read the literature of your day, it seems to me that the greatest distress, the greatest anxiety which you have is not whether or not we shall all be blown to atomic bits, but whether we should believe that human life, however long or short, is fundamentally absurd. Progress has so often failed to progress; is there anything in life which is worth the struggle? Is there any real reason to get up in the morning? Has man accomplished anything which stands? This desperate questioning occurs in many modern books, but is probably best typified in the ancient myth of Sisyphus, as presented by the French writer Camus: Sisyphus who was doomed eternally to roll a huge stone uphill, only to have it roll down again before it reached the top. It is my hope that your education, that the fellowships which you enter today, will help you to battle this distressful view of human life. I heard Sylvia Beach in Paris, the courageous little American bookseller who published Joyce's *Ulysses*, say of the American expatriates of the twenties, "I cannot understand why people have called this group the lost generation. It seems to me that no young writers ever so quickly, or so truly, found themselves." Be careful about labelling yourselves, so enthusiastically, "beat"! The generation which went through the terrible war, about which you talk so much, is neither beat nor beaten. I wish you could have heard an English teacher describing the ghastly hardships of bombed London, say to me quietly, "You know, I wouldn't have missed it. In those days, people meant more to each other than they ever have before or since." Courage stands. Beauty is truth. Truth stands, and its pursuit. Love stands. And every once in awhile, it seems to me that one of these rock-pushing Sisyphi does manage to heave his boulder over the top, where it stands, a magnificent achievement in human welfare, like modern medicine, or in art, like to works of Bach or Michelangelo, silhouetted against the sky for

all toilers below to see. Many of the moderns have made the pilgrimage from futility to meaning: I give you two pictures by Salvador Dali, one of limp and faded watches draped over strange rocks in an endless desert, and one the amazing interpretation of Our Lord's last supper, before which, in the National Gallery in Washington, I saw many people sitting in absorbed meditation. And there have been those in the great community of students, of seekers, who have been sure that our eyes do not see the end; that there is for us a greater life beyond the horizon of this living. From their sureness we can at least draw hope. Emily Dickinson, a heretic concerning most of the orthodoxies of her day, was sure of this. She said,

I never saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea,  
Yet know I how the heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
Nor tenanted in Heaven.  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if a chart were given.

And this,  
Exultation is the going  
Of an inland soul to sea.  
Past the houses, past the headlands,  
Into deep Eternity.

Bred as we, among the mountains,  
Can the sailor understand  
The divine intoxication  
Of the first league out from land?

\* \* \* \*

## CORRECT ANSWERS

### TO "COMEDY OF COMMAS" QUIZ

1b	2a	3b	4b	5a	6b
7b	8a	9a	10a	11b	12a
13a	14a	15a	16b	17b	18a
19b	20a	21b	22a	23b	24b



# A Wreath of Clover Blossoms

Long ago, a child,  
thinking it wonderful to make a pretty thing,  
wove a wreath of clover-blossoms  
from the sunny fields of summer.  
Heedless of the curious june-bug  
and tickling of the grasses  
and the heat,  
she painstakingly split each short  
green stem, middle-wise  
and—careful not to break the chain—  
threaded the tiny white flowers . . . .

I wish I had one now to give to you—  
to fling over your head  
as a token—  
to say the word I've never spoken.  
That child still lives behind  
the mask I wear;  
she loved you then, not knowing love,  
and loves you now,  
aware of all it means.

SARAH ANN JENNETTE

# AWARD WINNING ART FILMS

PRESENTING THE LIVES AND WORKS  
OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS

JAN. 16, 1960

## THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY

"CARPACCIO—LEGEND OF ST. URSULA"  
"CRUCIFIXION"  
"THE RENAISSANCE"  
"ROME—ETERNAL CITY"

JAN. 23, 1960

"LEONARDO DA VINCI"  
LIFE, TIME, ART, DRAWINGS  
INVENTIONS

JAN. 30, 1960

"THE TITAN: LIFE AND WORK  
OF MICHELANGELO"

FEB. 6, 1960

## THE LATE RENAISSANCE

"RAPHAEL"  
"TITIAN"

FEB. 13, 1960

## GRAND BAROQUE PAINTING

"EL GRECO"  
"VELASQUEZ"  
"RUBENS"

FEB. 20, 1960

## NORTHERN BAROQUE

"BREUGHEL"  
"REMBRANDT" (THE HISTORY OF PAINTING)  
"REMBRANDT—POET OF LIGHT"  
"VERMEER"

FEB. 27, 1960

## 18TH CENTURY ART

"ANTOINE WATTEAU"  
"VERSAILLES"  
"WATTEAU—FETES GALANTES"  
"DRAWINGS OF FRAGONARD"

MARCH 5, 1960

## SPAIN AND ENGLAND

"THE GLORY OF GOYA"  
"HORRORS OF WAR"  
"THE LONDON OF HOGARTH"

MARCH 12, 1960

## SURVEY OF EUROPEAN PAINTING

"PAINTINGS FROM VIENNA"  
"THE OPEN WINDOW"

MARCH 19, 1960

## ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND

### AND AMERICA

"ARCHITECTS OF ENGLAND"  
"JEFFERSON THE ARCHITECT"  
"WILLIAMSBURG RESTORED"

MARCH 26, 1960

## ORIENTAL ART

"JADE CARVING"  
"STORY OF CHINESE ART"  
"CONSPIRACY IN KYOTO"  
"FLIGHT OF THE DRAGON"

APRIL 2, 1960

## 19TH CENTURY PAINTING

"FRENCH REVOLUTION"  
"THE CHARM OF LIFE"  
"GLIMPSSES OF PARIS"

APRIL 9, 1960

## THE IMPRESSIONISTS

"MANET"  
"IMPRESSIONISM"  
"RENOIR"  
"DEGAS"

APRIL 16, 1960

## MODERN FRENCH ART

"TOULOUSE-LAUTREC"  
"GAUGUIN"  
"MATISSE"

APRIL 23, 1960

## THE EXPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT

"NEW WAYS OF SEEING"  
"THE EXPRESSIONISTS"  
"VAN GOGH"  
"ROUAULT—MISERE"

APRIL 30, 1960

## ABSTRACT AND CUBIST ART

"CUBISM"  
"ART AND MOTION"  
"BALLET MECHANIQUE"  
"THE ADVENTURES OF" (ABSTRACT ART)

MAY 7, 1960

## THE 20TH CENTURY

"RENOIR TO PICASSO"  
"A VISIT TO PICASSO"  
"GUERNICA: PICASSO"

MAY 14, 1960

## MODERN SCULPTURE

"RODIN"  
"BOURDELLE"  
"MAILLOT"

MAY 21, 1960

## CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE

"HENRY MOORE"  
"HENRY MOORE'S DRAWINGS"

MAY 28, 1960

## PRIMITIVE ARTS

"MAYAS"  
"AZTECS"  
"PERUVIAN ARCHAEOLOGY"  
"BUMA-AFRICAN SCULPTURE SPEAKS"  
"TOTEMS"  
"HENRI ROUSSEAU"

JUNE 4, 1960

## CONTEMPORARY PAINTING

"LEGER IN AMERICA"  
"JACKSON POLLOCK"  
"TREADLE AND BOBBIN"  
"BLACKTOP"

THE MINT MUSEUM OF ART

501 HEMPSTEAD PLACE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

# IT IS ALL A MATTER OF EDUCATION

by Robert Schlageter

Robert Schlageter received the Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of Illinois and studied at Harvard, Chicago, and Heidelberg. He has been Director of the Mint Museum of Art since June, 1958.

How often have we heard and used that phrase—whether it's a matter of seeking better social conditions, or avoiding nuclear wars; of being impatient with something that doesn't seem right, or developing a better museum.

"It is all a matter of education."

The phrase, I fear, will supplant another one—the one that went: "Let George do it!"

When we see the same people at all the concerts; when we see a handful attend an event of real merit; when we see less than a thousand contribute to the Charlotte Arts Fund—we temporize with "Things will be better later . . . it's all a matter of education."

Well, who is education—

Is it our schools—is it some vague force that will suddenly visit us and make everything right?

Or is it us. . . .

I don't think we really have to spell out the answer. We know that, in the final analysis, it is us.

No one can educate us: they can lay out our lessons, they can mark our papers, they can encourage, cajole, repeat, and spoon feed if necessary. But no one can educate us. The opportunity is given us—the tools are made available. But if it's going to be done, we have to do it ourselves.

By effort, by strain, sometimes by inconvenience, by attention to details and tasks that are not glamorous in themselves . . . but, when it is done, and we know, it is nature's most exhilarating experience. It's not like tobacco, or alcohol, or talk, whose sensations wear down, but there is the excitement of discovery, the satisfaction of accomplishment, the inquisitiveness to know and experience more.

The most delightful aspect of all is a desire to share what we know and feel and believe with others. Once we know something of value, the first time we see a friend, we have blurted out, "Do ya know what?" like an uncontrollable reflex.

Now this year we feel we have a truly superb educational program at the Mint Museum. "The Great Arts Film Series of the World's Masterpieces" is something I wish I could have seen in my younger days, and I am sure many feel the same way.

Why? I am sure we have all had our share of education, of experience in life, and of social goals—

Then why should we feel we missed something if we did not have a "Great Arts Series" in our youth? Did we really misspend our education?

Francis Henry Taylor said that the kind of people who go to museums are those who feel they made a mess of their school day opportunities and now they want an education!

I shall not attempt to define the mysterious pull that the fine arts have on us, but the opportunity is here and now for our own advantage, and for the children of the community. We shall see the arts of the world's greatest artists and periods, with performances and productions by our best talents in music, dance, ballet, opera, painting, architecture and sculpture.

It is not a meaningless assemblage of assorted films or a random weekend program, but an integrated series that will not only be entertaining but which will give a full survey of world arts in an historical sequence. We shall witness the expansion of man's consciousness and achievements and experience in depth the essence of the great arts.



# Warlock and Stars

Trinity of love's ultimate moment  
(The magician's three inverted cups):  
Person, Place and Time, harmonized  
As variegated lights, entwining  
Hearts that meld and team as one  
In star-flecked consummation.

But tonight the lights do not roll  
To the will of that eccentric triumvirate.  
The grim warlock deftly slides his cups,  
Each he taps in turn: Person, Place, Time.  
"Under which is the ebon disk tonight?"  
He smiles in victory.

Under the watching stars, chagrined  
We hear the night hum its beetled way.  
Perhaps next time—perhaps . . .  
But against the warlock's grim smile  
The spirit turns cold, and we know  
The melding lights will never roll.

ULMONT IVES

# DANIEL

by Ulmont Ives

Ulmont Ives is employed by the Department of Agriculture at State College. He has been writing professionally for several years and during this time has published poetry and won first place in two short story contests.

It was in McKay's store where he first heard it, the big store with its dark floor that Daniel knew to be oil but somehow associated in his mind with tobacco juice and spilt Coca-Cola. Mr. Bill Norton had seen the account deep inside the News Sentinel, and the first topic of the evening was well under way before the regulars had finished supper and gotten down to the store.

As each one arrived he had to keep asking "What . . . Who'n th' hell you talkin' about . . . Who's dead?" until somebody would detach himself and say, "Sam Barrow—died in Crestville." Then the late-comer would look surprised and say, "Well I'll be damned!" and would listen in for a while, mouth partly open, until he felt at home with the turn of events and then he would join in and talk about Sam Barrow.

Nobody knew where Sam had gone when he left Beacon Point that last time, and to have him turn up so far from the Coast was really newsier than the news of his death. It just didn't make sense. "Why he was borned and brung up here among the bull rushes just like the rest of us!" Somehow it was unseemly to go inland and die, even a bit traitorous.

"In Crestville, you say? Well, what—how—?" A latecomer was trying desperately to get caught up.

"Too bad." Old Mr. Dupree was sitting off in the shadows, resting stacked hands on the crook of his cane. "Too bad." He shook his white head slowly, sadly. No one paid him any mind.

Ed Gaskill said, "I ain't glad he's dead, of course. I ain't glad when anybody dies, but this here Sam Barrow weren't worth a damn anyway."

Daniel examined his fingers and swallowed hard.

"Oh, I don't know, Ed," Bill Norton said, "Sam never done any harm that I know of."

"Too bad," Mr. Dupree said. The boy cut his eyes. The old man was watching him mysteriously.

Ed Gaskill was talking again. ". . . shiftless, not worth two hoots in hell or he'd got married and settled down like everybody else, 'stead of livin' by hisself with nobody to talk to but the Devil."

The boy glared at Ed Gaskill's leathery jowls. He watched him spit a stream of tobacco juice in the sawdust encased around the stove and saw him wipe his thin lips with the back of his hand. He felt something surge deep down inside, frightening. Then he felt it working upward, irresistible, bringing doom with it. Behind his outrage and even augmenting it was a tremendous fear; and somewhere behind both he heard his high-pitched twelve-year-old voice break through: "It's a lie! It's a lie and you know it and everybody else knows it! Just because he wouldn't steal . . .!" His voice choked off, his eyes flooded with tears and he was trembling.

The drone of male voices stopped short, and for a moment the boy could hear nothing but the soft purr of the gasoline lamp on the candy case above him. He felt his heart pounding savagely. He didn't know when he had gotten to his feet, but now his pop crate was lying cone down on the floor. He saw his daddy through a mist. He saw him place his hands on the edge of the heavy counter and slide off. Then he felt the big familiar hand on his bony shoulder.

"What's the trouble, Mate? Don't you know that's no way to talk to grown people?" The boy was looking down at the floor. He started to speak but his voice shot off into a high amorphous pitch. "You'd better run along home, Mate." He felt the big hands turn his shoulders toward the door. And he was conscious of the eyes on his back as he covered the few feet and opened the screen. He was on the porch when he heard old Mr. Dupree's voice.

"That's too bad, Tom, too bad; the boy's really upset. Usually the quietest boy on Beacon Point, best mannered. What you s'pose got into him, Tom?" Although the question was addressed to his daddy, the boy imagined he could see Mr. Dupree cut his eye at Ed Gaskill when he asked it.

"I don't know, Mr. Dupree," Tom Kirk said. "Sometimes he acts strange and I wonder myself what he's thinkin'. But he don't ever say, just thinks far-off like. I don't know."

Daniel moved off the railed porch, past the gasoline pump and the cylinder oil tank, out onto the sandy road. He was thinking about his daddy's answer to Mr. Dupree. A sorrowful love welled in him and shaded off into the terrible feeling of being all alone in the world. He wished he could talk with his daddy like some of the boys talked with their'n. He'd like for his daddy to know how he felt about him, and he'd like to talk about a lot of other things—about Sam Barrow, for instance. He knew. Even if he weren't but six at the time, he knew who had burnt Mr. Barrow's house and why he had done it. But he knew too he could never broach the subject. It was the type of thing men talked about in guarded voices and changed the topic when children came near. He could talk about fishing all right and mending nets, about crabbing and setting eel traps—anything that people usually talked about—but not the things he felt, not the things that were gnawing for expression. And even if he tried he didn't know the right words and his daddy wouldn't understand and he would feel ashamed.



Instead of going directly home he turned off the main road onto an oyster shell foot path that lay like a long strip of boat sail in the July moonlight. The shells crunched and grated under his shoes, and there was already a heavy dew on the hog weed that lined the path. As he approached the creek he could smell the rank mud flats exposed to the night air. The tide was out. Tomorrow fish would scoot across these same flats and crabs would sit on them and work out of their old shells. And then they would sit beside their ghost for a while, impotent, bigger and darker than before, getting used to the new feeling.

The Dolphin lay quietly at a ninety degree angle from the wharf, her stern held secure by a small rope tied to a stake a few yards beyond. The bowline curved lifeless from the piling to the dark water. He took hold of it and pulled. The Dolphin, so lively during the day, now responded sluggishly, as if setting in molasses instead of water. In two experienced leaps he hit the headcap and bounded lightly down onto the front thwart. The Dolphin rolled lazily under his ninety-seven pounds, and in a few seconds the neighboring boats shifted restlessly in their moonlight sleep. He moved toward the stern and sat on the thwart near the engine. He could smell the pleasant stench of the disturbed bilge and the grease and oil of the engine sitting silently under its cover. He remembered there were some stray crabs in the bilge. He'd have to take up a floor board tomorrow and get them out.

He heard the Chelsea plowing up the river on her weekly run from Norfolk, and he wondered again when those people ever slept. He loved the lumbering sound of her diesel engine, muffled by the distance to a soft rapid pounding that suggested to his mind a powerful hulk of machinery, the mold of which held no consistent pattern in his shifting visions. He had seen the Chelsea once at close range, heading down-river for the great open Sound, plowing in huge determination, paying no heed to the small craft bobbing here and there on the river. The same waves that had tossed the Dolphin like a cork had lunged at her glistening white side only to be flung back in frothy defeat.

"Let's go closer to her," he had said excitedly.

"Can't get too close, Mate; she might suck us under. She's loaded purty heavy, drawin' maybe ten, twelve feet."

Daniel thought about this great draft, taking the larger figure. He compared it in his mind with their ten foot emergency oar and pictured the oar pushed straight down into the water up to his shoulder. Twelve feet! He was now completely uninhibited, and in his exuberance he looked squarely at his daddy. "Wouldn't it be fun if we had a boat big as the Chelsea?"

"What'd we do with her, Mate?" the man said lightly.

"We could live on 'er, just you and me. And then we wouldn't have to walk down to the landing every morning. We'd already be there."

His daddy was crouched out of the wind rolling a cigarette, while the boy watched the Chelsea grow smaller against the sky and enclosed the far end of the sound. The man leveled the flaky tobacco with his pointing

fingers and smiled. "Where'd Mamma and Bean and the girls stay?" he said.

The boy did not answer. He withdrew the topic from the realm of conversation and closed it up in his own mind and subsequently had dreams about it. One time he'd have the Chelsea tied to the beacon and people would be rowing in from all directions to look at her and to come aboard, and he'd be leaning out the pilot house window looking important like he'd seen the captain do. Again, he'd be wading along the cove pulling it behind him easily as a top boat on a string when he would look up and see Ed Gaskill wading toward him with a wolfish grin on his face and a flaming blowtorch in his hand, and he would scream for Mr. Gaskill to go away and would wake up screaming with his mother's face in the yellow lamplight.

The smell of tarred nets came strong with the stir of a shoreward breeze; it fused pleasantly in his senses with the bilge and the burnt oil. The offshore beacon swept feebly in the moonlit sky, disappearing seaward for a moment and then raking the shoreline in one grand sweep, as though in a hurry to look out to sea again. And the friendly sound of the Chelsea grew weak and faded up the river.

"Dan!" A small voice called from the shoreline.

"Huh?"

"Come on home," the voice said.

"Who said so?"

"Mama." An interval of stillness. "Daddy said you couldn't go out with him tomorra 'less you get enough sleep."

"Is Daddy home?"

"Yes, he jest come. He thought you was already there. He said you couldn't go . . ."

"Okay, Bean, I'm comin'. I had to see about the Dolphin, thought I forgot to cover the engine." Daniel moved to the bow of the boat. He pulled the painter until the forward glide was taken up by the stern rope, then he leaped to the wharf. The boards rattled under his leap and again the neighboring boats moved drowsily. He joined his little brother at the head of the wharf.

"Mama told me to not go out there," Bean explained.

"Yeah, that's right. They's rope and stuff all over and you might trip."

Together they crunched up the oyster shell path. The younger brother going first looked even small between the rank hog weed that crowded the path. When they reached the road Daniel stopped and turned to his brother. "Bean, you remember that red watch fob of mine?"

"The one with the gold band around it? Yeah, why?"

"You still want it?"

"Sure!" Bean said. "Don't you want it no more?"

"Will you promise not to lose it?"

"I won't lose it, honest. I'll wear it like you do and then it can't get lost, can it?—if I wear it like you do?"

Daniel removed the black fishing line from his own frail neck and bending down in the moonlight he placed it around the chubby neck of his brother. He tucked the charm inside the little shirt. "I was six years old myself when I got it. Now see if you can keep it that long."

"Oh boy!" Bean slipped his hand between the buttons of his shirt and felt the slick surface of the translucent wine-colored disc. "Did somebody give it to you—like you give it to me?"

Daniel did not answer for a moment. Then he said, "You remember that old chimbley down by the slough? Where the dead pines are? Well, the man that used to live there he give it to me—about the time you was borned—Mr. Sam Barrow. Somebody set his house on fire one time when he was gone to town. And when he come back it was all burnt up." Daniel took his brother's hand and they moved on up the sandy road. "He used to make things for people and he didn't charge any money. He made me a tug once just like the Glide, color and all."

With his free hand Bean was feeling the slickness of the fob through his thin shirt. "What did they burn his house up for, Dan?"

Again the older brother hesitated before answering. "I, I don't know, Bean. Just didn't like him, I guess."

The moon was low in the west when they turned into the yard, and only a pilot light was burning in the house.

Wednesday night was prayer meeting night. It was the one night of the week his mother objected to his going with his daddy to the store. "Tom, there just ain't no sense in his sittin' there listenin' to all that shady talk, 'specially on prayer meetin' nights. It ain't quite so bad other times, but on prayer meetin' nights . . ."

Daniel especially didn't want to go this Wednesday night. But it was embarrassing to hear his mother and father discuss his fate right over his head as though he were not even present. So he washed his feet and laced on his good shoes, and then with the Norton children who had stopped by and were waiting on the front porch, went off to prayer meeting. His daddy and Mr. Norton walked along far as the junction where a cart road branched off to the left like the prong of a poorly made Y. The clapboard church sat at the head of this prong among a grove of pines with a circular drive to accommodate wheeled traffic. At the crotch of the Y the children, exuberant in the evening's freedom, veered to the left and the men, themselves engrossed in the coming trout season, went on straight—not even aware the children were no longer with them.

Daniel stopped and gazed after the two men, then glanced up the road where the children were milling churchward. He didn't expect to go with the men. That was already settled. But it was disturbing how easily his daddy could walk on away without even a word. He watched until the men blended into the night and then turned up the prong and walked on alone.

In the churchyard horses hitched to various conveyances stood faithfully, heads drooped. Mr. Gaskill's Essex was nursed up close to the building, its new metal reflecting the light that streamed through the open windows.



Off to his right generations of tombstones stood in cool silence. Inside the whitewashed church a baby began to fret amid the usual pre-service coughing. Then he heard Deacon Gaskill announce the first song. He waited until the congregation stood, then he mounted the steps and guiltily slipped in through the open door.

The opening song was followed by a prayer session in which everyone rendered his own impromptu prayer simultaneously and with individual degrees of fervor. Then a second hymn, more spirited than the first.

Next began the round of testimonials. He had heard it all a hundred times and could lead each testifier a whole sentence and not be more than a few conjunctions off. Spirited hymns were sandwiched between the testimonials. Throughout it all the “saved” in the Amen Corner would glance back on the unsaved, the worldly, with suppressed smiles of personal security.

The banging staccato ceased and another song ended. The prim pianist sat straight-backed, her foot still on the “open” pedal. And the overtones hummed throughout the sultry church. There was an interval of coughing and shifting in seats. Sister Beulah sat in her usual obese slump waving a palmetto fan with metronome indifference. No one else rose to testify. The boy was watching Mr. Dupree’s white head half way down the aisle. He always waited till last. He was not a member but, taking his deceased wife’s place, he had attended faithfully for the last few years and had created for himself a niche that corresponded with his physical location, a position between the saved and the sinner. As his unorthodox testimonials often disturbed the members and amused the visitors, he was never officially invited to join. But they could not throw him out or refuse him the privilege to “speak a word fer the Lord.”

The old man struggled to his feet and stepped out into the aisle between the pew and the tin heater. He surveyed the well-known faces on either side and then began slowly, tiredly. “Friends, you are lookin’ at an old man, a man whose last net has already been cast. My playmates, your own daddies, is right out there waitin’ for me.” He nodded toward a side window. “As the song goes, I don’t feel at home in this world any more.”

He paused and fixed his gaze on the tin heater. It was a pause of unusual duration. The church got death quiet. Heads looked up from fingernails and song books. A large powdery moth flitted crazily around the wall lamp near the boy. The yellow flame heaved on its wick in protest as the moth skittered off the reflector, circled wobbly and tried again. A strained cough up front broke the silence.

The old man placed his hand on the pew for support and continued. “But that’s not important tonight. ‘Old man Dupree,’ you’ll say, ‘he don’t matter because his tide is ebbin’ anyway.’ And that’s true, friends, very true; the wind’s comin’ out of the west and it’s almost out. But there’s been something on my mind for some time now that does matter. And that is our younguns. We got a crop of boys and girls growin’ up in this community as nice as you’ll find most anywhere, and what we grown-ups do is their example of what grown-ups ought to be like. Ever since Melissa passed away I’ve done a lot of seein’ and a lot of thinkin’. Some of the

things I've seen don't make very good examples. And you can drop any notion that our younguns don't find out things too! They harbor our very own devilment in their minds until it finally pizens them. Why just last week down at McKay's . . ." He raised an arm in the general direction of the store. He held it there a moment and then swung it around slowly over the congregation and leveled it on the draped altar. He released his pew support. He pulled himself almost erect and burst forth with startling power: "I can swear to God Almighty who is listening to my voice that there was never an altar of worship so profaned. The very Devil himself is runnin' wild on Beacon Point, he is aloose in this congregation, he kneels at that very altar, that one right there, as if God was a partner in his greed and lust and wickedness! He is making a mockery of everything Godly. He is leading this congregation, all that is good as well as all that is bad, straight down the road to hell!"

The old man lowered his arm. He was breathing hard, and the boy could see that he was struggling to stay on his feet. A stupefied hush lay over the entire congregation. Brother Gaskill sat rigid, staring straight through the wall as if helplessly watching a waterspout bear down upon him. The moth continued to swirl about the protesting lamp.

The old man dropped back to his tired voice and again propped on the pew. "I have searched this man called Dupree and have found him sadly short. But, as I said before, that don't matter about Dupree. But you, friends, most of you have a while left." He was almost pleading now. "Don't forget our young people. Make this community a nice place for them to grow up in. If you don't it won't be long before you'll be right where I am, opportunity gone, and it will be too late." He stopped abruptly. He shuffled back into his pew and sat down with the caution and ceremony that belong to the very old.

It was several seconds before the recently-saved pianist could remember her chords well enough to bang down the introduction to "Come And Dine." The singing began without promise—fire set in different parts of a broomstraw field. But at the end of the first verse it had assumed a uniformity that burned with revival zeal. It was as though everyone came to the realization privately that a special effort would be required to rid himself of the evil spell cast by old man Dupree. By the time the song ended Brother Gaskill had gained control of himself and set about to reassure his shaken flock.

"Brothers and Sisters," he began while still half bent from his rise, "throughout the years we've seen both high tide and low in this here house of the Lord. We have learnt to reco'nize things for what they are, and we certainly shouldn't be dishearted. We have pervailed and we will continue to prevail ag'inst all the Devil can throw at us. Let's give praise for this sanctifyin' grace!"

He paused and extended one hand, palm up. "Amen" and "hallelujahs" filled the pause and there was one isolated "glory be!" from the piano stool. Encouraged, Brother Gaskill lunged into the tempo of a revival preacher. "The Bible says the gates of hell shall not prevail ag'inst us! Don't the

Bible say that?"

"Amen!"

"Hallelujah!"

"Sometimes the Devil he tries the children of the Lord. The Book warns us about this too. Don't the Book warn us about this?"

"Amen!"

"Hallelujah!"

"Praise the Lord!"

"He's a clever old boy, the Devil is, danglin' all kinds of bait before the faithful. And that means we just got to be on guard and pray a little harder!"

Interjections of approval cut him off. He stood smiling in victory. The smile stretched into a wolfish grin projected beyond the old man's bowed head toward the back of the church.

The boy felt it again, stirring deep inside. Ed Gaskill was looking directly at him. He felt an insane hatred push the blood up to his face and eyes. Mixed with his wrath was a sickening fear of profaning the Church and bringing down upon himself the condemnation of a vengeful God. The frantic moth slammed against the concave reflector and plunged down the lamp. The yellow flame leaped to meet him. The chimney smoked. The wick shot off sparks and the light went out. The boy's stomach now began to flutter. He felt himself trapped in a cycle of hatred and fear and death. He looked frantically back over his shoulder. The door was still open.

When Brother Gaskill had finished, the pianist, feeling the great cloak of salvation again tucked safely around her, banged down on the piano in complete disregard of the established routine, and the faithful joined greedily in "I'm Heaven Bound." The tempo climbed rapidly. Deacon Gaskill, sensing the opportune moment, sprang from his seat up front and grinning like something possessed began to swing his arms wildly with the music. One shattering "Hallelujah!" and Sadie Brown was on her bird legs working sideways out of the pew. The singing was deafening. Sister Beulah's hammy shoulders began to jerk convulsively.

Experience had taught the boy that this would end in exhaustion somewhere around midnight. In the growing excitement he slipped out the door and did not stop until he felt the Dolphin roll under his leap. Even from this distance he could hear an occasional burst of female hysteria coming down through the pines.

The conical beacon gave the shoreline a long silent brush and then hurried to look out to sea again. In his mind he knew the beacon was there to warn boats off the long sand bar. But in his heart he knew it had another purpose—to watch over the Dolphin, the nets and the eel traps—to guard these things until the sun again came up in the east. Then the beacon would pull its arm inward and half sleep till it was dark again.

Daniel wished it was tomorrow. They were going to the Big Island tomorrow, the quiet island where nobody had lived for over fifty years. He liked the Big Island. He liked to climb its promontory and watch the distant shoreline stretch to nothingness in the blue haze, to listen to the



DANIEL.

island's stillness in the July sun, and to imagine that he was the only person ever to land on it—except maybe Indians.

He raised the lid off the engine box. He cupped his left hand over the carburetor air intake, and with his right hand rocked the cold flywheel back and forth. Now, just one hard flip and the Dolphin would lunge forward and strain at the ropes.

An empty gasoline drum boomed up at the head of the wharf. He placed the lid back over the engine.

"Dan!" A small voice called from the dark.

"Huh?"

"Come on home," the voice said.

## Occidental Jinni

From the long low ridge of jagged rock  
and desert waste

We watch the uncorked jinni break  
In a torrent of tongued smoke  
Then rise upon his umbrella stem

Taller  
Taller  
Huffing and  
Hunching

To the absolute sum of his pent-up rage,  
Now to hover above terrified masters  
Cowering below his hollow echoing  
Contempt for a mad race that dared  
Unlock his prison with an evil wish.

ULMONT IVES

## Wall Socket

Tiny modern gargoyles, mass-produced  
For every room of every modern roost  
Stare unblinkingly with ancient grins  
On modern man and all his ancient sins  
Spit power-juice for all his shiny tools  
With silent evil knowledge: men are fools.

MARILYN HACKETT

## Colloquy

A brazen question rises in my throat  
And halts just short of speech; I cannot find  
A phrase that mutes its foolish, brassy note  
Yet satisfies my prying female mind.  
You hear my indrawn breath, and you inquire  
From what impulsive query do I shrink?  
Thus trapped, I prove an ineffectual liar;  
My quick denial turns me guilty pink.  
I meet your gaze, still hoping you believe  
My puzzled frown and careful innocence;  
Dissimulation fails as you perceive  
My smothered thought with love's omniscience.  
Amused, you give the answer I had sought;  
Contrite, I learn a lesson kindly taught.

MARILYN HACKETT

# Pilgrimage to Amherst

by Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar

Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar, of the University of Poona in Poona, India, recently completed a tour of the United States during which he spent a week lecturing at Queens. "Pilgrimage to Amherst" is reprinted by permission of *Parnshuramian*, the University of Poona magazine.

It was on the 4th of November 1958, that I had the good fortune of meeting Dr. Robert Frost—the well-known and the beloved American poet. When I entered his room in the Lord Jeffery Inn at Amherst, where I also was staying, he received me with warmth and a broad smile on his face. He made kind inquiries of my country and her people and also the purpose of my visit to Yale University. In the dim lamp-light we talked and laughed, but for the most part I listened, while Dr. Frost kept on and on talking. He quickly recalled the vivid impressions of his meeting with late Dr. Ravindranath Tagore in London long, long ago. Those memories were still fresh and pleasant in his mind, and he loved Tagore's poetry. On learning from me the position of English language in the Indian Universities in the present set-up of things, he humorously remarked and exclaimed: "Then, there's no need to translate my poems in the regional languages of your country. I hope some, at least, will read my poems." In the course of conversation we talked on many things—the Hindu Caste system, the Indians writing poems in English, University Education, the position of English language; University teachers; standards of living; and lastly about our leader—Pandit Nehru. With a sense of anxiety he asked me what would happen to India after Nehru? He had all admiration and love for Nehru and was proud of his achievements in such a short time. He added that Nehru is the

only man who knows what he wants and he does it. Similarly he talked in glowing terms of General De Gaulle of France. He expressed strong doubts about the bonafides and intentions of Col. Nasser. He did not know quite well whether he was their 'friend'. He said emotionally: "When you look at the actions of some leaders in the world today, Plato's idea of a philosopher ruler seems to be wrong and even out of context, for philosophers are to be sober men, for all I know."

He then talked on love and the position of a poet in the modern world. If a poet has no passion for anything, he cannot assert himself in a society. If he does not assert, he is not true to himself. "Conviction of ideas and a courage to express them are the basic qualities of a poet; only then, poets can live in their own time as *Someone*." He feelingly said, "George Washington did everything for us and our country and so is your Nehru doing for your people. Washington also had once written a poem to his lady and later on it fell down!" With his face bubbling with humour and laughter, he remarked, "Do you know, the best punishment for love is marriage?"

He then said that he loved teaching and had taught most of the subjects—mathematics, geometry, Latin, poetry, and even philosophy—you know—not the philosophy of Plato, Aristotle or Kant—but his own philosophy through his poems!



"Has the caste system in India melted away or is it still lingering?" In my answer to his question, I explained to him the present position in this behalf and the constitutional provisions to eradicate it and added that it may take some generations before it dies out completely. He then referred to the question of segregation in his country and with a sense of sorrow and fretting with anger he said, "Even after Independence of a century or more the damn thing is still alive and burning. In the face of such inequalities on earth, the talk of One World is merely fanciful, if not stupid."

I did not know that I had spent more than an hour and a half in the pleasant and loving company of a really great man. When I asked his permission to leave him, he asked me to wait and gave me a Book—Collection of his poems, and wrote my name on it and added—"From his friend from now henceforth." Robert Frost is a fine gentleman and a grand old man of New England, a man so great and yet so simple and sweet. To be in the presence of a great man was a rare experience to me indeed—unforgettable!

Let me attempt to draw a penpicture of Dr. Robert Frost in the following section,

Robert Frost was born in San Francisco, California on March 26, 1875. Once a bobbin boy in a New England Mill, a shoe-maker and a teacher in a country school—today a world renowned and beloved American poet.

The character as well as the career of Robert Frost gives the lie to the usual misconception of the poet. Frost has been no less the ordinary man for being an extraordinary creator. "A Boy's Will" is his first book and the title not only indicates the mood but pays a tribute to Longfellow who in "My Lost Youth" wrote:—"A Boy's Will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of the youth are long, long thoughts."

The English critics were captivated with Frost's unaffected lyrics, with his simple vocabulary and sharp observation, most of all with his way of turning usually forgotten thoughts into unforgettable phrases. But, if the critics were enthusiastic about "A Boy's Will", they

were exuberant about "North of Boston," which appeared a year later. In that, Frost successfully turned the living speech of men and women into poetry—"Tales that might be mere anecdotes in the hands of another poet take on universal significance because of their native veracity and truth to local character." "A Boy's Will" is poetry that *sings*; "North of Boston" is poetry that *talks*. Whether in dialogues or in lyrics, his poems are people talking and people expressing in the few words they use more truth than volumes of ordinary rhetoric can express.

Although nominally employed as a professor in some of the colleges, schools, and universities in the states, he was a stimulator rather than a teacher. His function was not to instruct but to excite, to infuse with warmth, to act as "a sort of poetic radiator." This function he richly fulfilled. Without ceasing to create, he became a critical force never trying to persuade anyone, he became an influence. "Truly, he had scarcely tapped, and the doors of literary America opened to him."

Most of Frost's poetry partakes of the dignity and serenity of the New England hills where much of his life has been spent. Even the very titles of his books seem local—"North of Boston," "Mountain Interval," "New Hampshire," etc., yet no poetry so regional has ever been so universal. His central subject is humanity. His poetry lives with particular aliveness, because it expresses living people. In that, his poems are people and an intimate book of people, "not merely a translation of backgrounds." As he himself says, "A poem begins with a lump in the throat; a homesickness or a lovesickness. It is a reaching out towards expression; and effort to find fulfilment. A complete poem is one where an emotion has found the thought, and the thought has found the words." This "effort to find fulfilment" may be regarded as the work of a poet's lifetime, for he has followed his own advice by evident care in all his writings. He made his verse talk and sing; sometimes the poems conversed; sometimes they made their own tunes; but mostly they talked and sang together.

Poets are said to lose the singing impulse as they grow older. The converse is true with Frost. His later work, "A Witness Tree," distinguished by its lyrical power, is as fresh as anything written in his youth. Four times Frost was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best book of poetry of the year. He is the only poet who got this rare quadruple distinction. He was awarded honorary degrees by many universities. However these honours did not affect the man or his work. The quiet strength, the deep conviction remained unshaken in the person as well as in the poetry. The last lines of the first poem in Frost's first book took on a prophetic conclusiveness:

*"They would not find me changed from him they knew,*

*Only more sure of all I thought was true."*

Frost judges men and matters, but he rarely condemns them; he is fundamentally serious, but never pompous. He accepts the world's contradictions without being crushed by them. One of his most recent poems significantly entitled "The Lesson for Today"—is a long philosophical discussion which concludes:—

*"And were an epitaph to be my story  
I would have a short one ready for my own.  
I would have written of me on my stone:  
I had a lover's quarrel with the world."*

"I had a lover's quarrel with the world." No one will write a more accurate summary of the poet's spirit; a contemplation of the world which is free to question, even to criticise, and always with understanding, always with earnest love. This is Robert Frost speaking of himself.

This is Dr. Robert Frost. To meet him and hear him singing his poetry at his college was for me, certainly a pilgrimage to Amherst.

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## Seaweed Harps

Overhead I saw the blowing clouds  
And I heard the sound of birds,  
And fish in the sea played on seaweed harps  
As they swam by the sinking ship.  
Beneath the fish on the crusty floor  
The starfish danced to song  
Waving tentacles on the tide  
While the clams moved the tempo along.  
The seagulls darted and turned and dived  
And touched each wave with their wings  
And the fish played on, on their seaweed harps  
As the drowning sailor went down.  
I heard his call as I lay on the shore  
And I longed to relieve his plight  
But the distance was great and I could not go  
To the singing seaweed harps.  
So I lay and thought, then turned to the earth  
To the comfort I found in its warmth  
And the grubbing worm was digging his grave  
To the tune of the seaweed harps.

BETTY JENKINS



## TWO FOR THE MONEY

by Amelia Alexander

James walked briskly on his way to work that morning. It was early spring and the leaves were just beginning to unfold on the trees. Having been obscured for three days by rain clouds, the sun now shone brightly down, reflected and multiplied by every shiny new-green leaf. But even the sun could not compare with the smile that radiated from his face that day. Just the evening before James had finally been awarded the long-anticipated and hoped-for promotion at the bank, and this was to be his first day in the executive suites as third vice president.

As he strode down the sidewalk, he unconsciously nodded to some ladies and patted a stray dog. Breathing deeply of the crisp, fresh air, he considered once more his good fortune. Consequently, the grin spread till the corners of his eyes were wrinkled and a tiny dimple appeared on the cheek that didn't ordinarily have a dimple. He had done well for himself in the seventeen years since he started working at Third National Bank of Lewisburg. By working hard and making the most of his opportunities, James had risen to his present position from that of a mere accountant. He concluded that life wasn't so bad after all. The petty everyday annoyances were still there—he still owed over half the price for his new car and the plumber hadn't fixed that drain yet—but these weren't enough to worry about. Today they hardly even seemed worth thinking about.

Arriving at an imposing building, James pushed in through the revolving door. He rode the elevator up to the seventh floor and marched out self-assuredly. He greeted the typists as he passed by their desks and subconsciously delighted in their admiring glances. He paused for an instant to watch the workman painting the letters on the opaque glass panel of the door to James' new office: JAMES DEMOTT—the familiar combinations of letters seemed to form a foreign phrase there: they looked strange. James felt a surge of pride and satisfaction welling up in him. "Why, my life is just beginning now," he thought. "I've got thirty more years of work in me before I retire. I ought to be president of Third National before that." Still smiling, he sat down at his desk and picked up his correspondence.

James' happiness lasted all day. He was invited to join Mr. Woodman, the president, for lunch, and went to a meeting where confidential plans for the bank's expansion were discussed. That evening he, still enthusiastic, stayed overtime in his office to be sure everything was in perfect order

for the next day. As the sun sank behind the horizon, James finally finished his work and sat down to survey his newly-acquired kingdom. His wandering thoughts were interrupted by the sudden realization that he heard the sound of voices coming from the next office—that of the second vice president.

"Strange," James thought. "Wonder what McCullough is doing in his office? I thought I saw him leaving over an hour ago."

Then, forgetting it, he picked up his brief case and started to leave. But passing by the door which connected his office with that of McCullough's, he stopped short upon hearing a woman's voice. It was, James quickly realized, undoubtedly the voice of Lottie, McCullough's secretary. "This really is strange," he thought. "The office employees shouldn't be here at this hour." He paused to listen, and he could hear very well through the door.

"But when are you going to pay it all back?" he heard Lottie ask. The familiar bass voice of McCullough answered:

"Don't let that bother you; I know what I'm doing."

"Oh, all right," Lottie replied, seemingly pacified. But then she blurted, "Bill, I sure wish we could quit doing this; it's too dangerous . . . it scares me!"

"Oh no it isn't, really, Lottie," McCullough calmly reassured her. "Just don't worry about it. I know exactly what I'm doing."

James was stunned to the extent that he couldn't hear anything for a while. Shocked as if by an electric current, he stood frozen by the door. Realizing they were still talking, he, mute, listened once more. "These auditors are very clever, but not quite clever enough," McCullough was saying. "They would never be able to tell where these entries have been changed. Let me tell you something, Lottie: you thought this was a new idea of mine when I first told you about it; well, actually I've been doing this for nearly three years now, so you can see my system has proved fool-proof. So don't worry; in a few more weeks we'll have enough to fly to Bermuda. Then we can forget all about it."

There was no more talking beyond the door. The sound of their footsteps was heard as McCullough and Lottie walked into the hall and towards the elevator, then a stony silence fell after the familiar squeak of the cage door as it opened and closed. It took a few minutes for what James had heard to soak into his mind, and even then it did not register completely. "Lord," he thought. "What have I heard? What *have* I heard? This can't really be happening. I have to get out of here and think!" He half staggered across the carpeted floor, turned the door knob, and stepped out into the hall. Purposely avoiding the elevator, he hurriedly went down the back steps. He stepped out into the side street and, with a quick, sweeping glance in all directions, he briskly walked to the main street in front of the bank.

"No," he told himself, as he began walking toward home. "This cannot be true. McCullough embezzling money from the bank . . . no, it can't be . . . my mind must be playing tricks on me." Coming to a drug store, he turned in and sank down on a stool at the counter. He rested his head in his hands, and sat there, his thoughts going round in his tormented

mind. He did not know how long he sat there like that, but suddenly he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. Glancing up, his eyes met the cool stare of McCullough.

"Hey, Demott, you look like you need a drink," McCullough chuckled. "Come on over to my place and I'll fix you up."

Was there irony in his voice? James could not tell. Trying to act unaffected, he managed to say, "Thanks, McCullough, but I'd better start home. I'm already late and the wife'll probably have supper waiting for me." He stood up and headed for the door. McCullough followed him.

"Oh yes. Well, come around any time," he said, as he walked over to his Jaguar at the curb. "Bring Janet too. Be glad to have you both."

James nodded, and McCullough drove off, grinning benevolently. James stared after him as he disappeared around a corner. Countless thoughts tumbling through his confused brain, James walked home very slowly.

Janet greeted him at the door with a kiss as usual. "Hi honey," she said cheerily. "You're late. The meat loaf almost burned. And the Grahams asked us over for bridge. Mother said she'd keep the kids. Feel like going?"

"No!" he snapped. Then realizing his tone, he lowered his voice. "I don't feel too well at all. Think I'll go to bed early tonight."

James went to bed, but he couldn't sleep. He couldn't sleep for the next week. The thought of McCullough's swindling continued to torment him. He could think of nothing else. He wondered what he should do. Finally, about ten days after he had overheard Lottie and McCullough, James decided to stay late at the office again. "Maybe it was all a mistake," he argued to himself. "I might have misinterpreted something, and it's for sure I didn't hear everything. After all, people just don't get away with this kind of thing anymore."

James stayed until seven o'clock that night, not knowing whether he wanted to hear anything or not. But he didn't. He paced the floor and twiddled a pencil and did some proof reading. Several times he thought he heard noises in the adjoining room, but no one entered the office.

Decidedly relieved, James tried to quit thinking about it at all. "At least I tried," he pointed out to himself. "There's nothing else I can do." Thus he decided to push the thought completely from his mind, and to resume his happy attitude again. Several days passed but James did not completely quit worrying about the incident. In fact his mind was not ever at ease, and his gnawing conscience continued to bother him most of the time. He couldn't forget entirely. After a while, though, he became more curious and interested than worried. "If anything is going on, there are certain to be some evidences," he reasoned with himself. "Perhaps one of them will make some blunder." So, James nonchalantly began to watch McCullough. Every day his eyes followed McCullough everywhere he went. He looked at McCullough's pockets suspiciously each day to see if they bulged. Lottie, too, was under James's special observation. He began to think of himself as a private detective who was going to pin down two desperate criminals.

As time went on, James became so interested in his case that he decided to stay late at his office every day to see if they would show up again. It



was only four days after he started that he had results. On that particular day he was sitting at his desk, writing a letter, when he heard footsteps coming from the stairway. He recognized the familiar click of Lottie's high heels, and he heard McCullough's voice. He heard them open the door to the office next door. Then he silently crept over to the door and put his ear against it.

At first Lottie and McCullough spoke too softly to be understood. Then their voices became more audible.

"Well, I think it's much better this way, Lottie. No one could ever find the losses even if they suspected. And who would ever have reason to suspect?" They both laughed. "If they ever did suspect embezzlement, they would probably pounce on Demott, or Carswell, or even president Woody long before they'd consider me. I've been a faithful member of the firm too long."

"I bet they would," agreed Lottie, and they both laughed again. Hearing his name mentioned, James froze again. No more was this a little game to him; it was a matter of grave importance. Cold sweat formed on his forehead and hands; his heart pounded. He unknowingly clenched his fists. "Do they suspect I'm here?" He panicked, then calmed himself. That was impossible.

"Well, Bill," Lottie was saying, "if you're so sure we're safe, I'm willing to go on like this. This isn't the worst life I've been living."

Nothing was said for a while. James didn't dare to move. He waited an eternity. Finally he heard a drawer close and the rustle of papers.

"Let's go. I have it all here for this trip." The two were heard to go out and back to the elevator. James stood there for fifteen minutes. He knew then that he could never be at ease about this again. He realized that as long as he lived he would never rest easy until something was done about the terrible situation he had so unwittingly become involved in. But he was scared, scared to such an extent that he did not know which way to turn.

After another sleepless night, he realized what he must do, and he made up his mind to do it.

When he got to the bank the next morning, he walked straight to the president's office and knocked bravely on the door.

"Come in," the sharp voice of Mr. Woody commanded. James entered the pine-paneled office and sat down in front of the oversized mahogany desk. Hesitantly, at first, then hurriedly, he proceeded to tell the president everything; all he had heard, done, and seen in the past few weeks concerning McCullough and Lottie. When he had heard it all, Mr. Woody sat still for a very long time, looking out the window. At last he heaved a deep sigh, and swirled around in his chair and looked directly at James.

"Well, James," he began. "You must realize that this is a most unusual thing you have told me. I am sure you are aware of the seriousness of the matter. However, I am afraid I cannot accept this absurd story." Before James had time to protest, Mr. Woody hastily continued. "You must realize that aside from McCullough's being second vice president of our bank, he

is also a great civic leader and churchman. He is one of the most respected and honored men in this town. I'm sorry, but I just cannot believe what you're saying. This is not to say I would never accept your story, but there is no possible way that anyone could have been embezzling money from this bank for one, let alone three, years. You know yourself how the auditors check and double check every figure in our records." He paused, then continued. "Believe me, it is impossible. I'm sorry, James, but this is just the way it has to be. I cannot risk the reputation of my bank and of one of my top employees merely on the say-so of another one. If you can bring me some definite and concrete proof of any kind, then come to me; but I can't do anything with the matter as it is now." He paused. "It appears to me that you might be just a little too ambitious. Well, have patience, boy. We can't all be heroes."

James calmly left the office and walked slowly to the elevator. He left the building and walked home. Janet met him at the door with a kiss as usual.

"You're home early, dear."

"Yes. I don't feel too well. Think I'll go to bed."

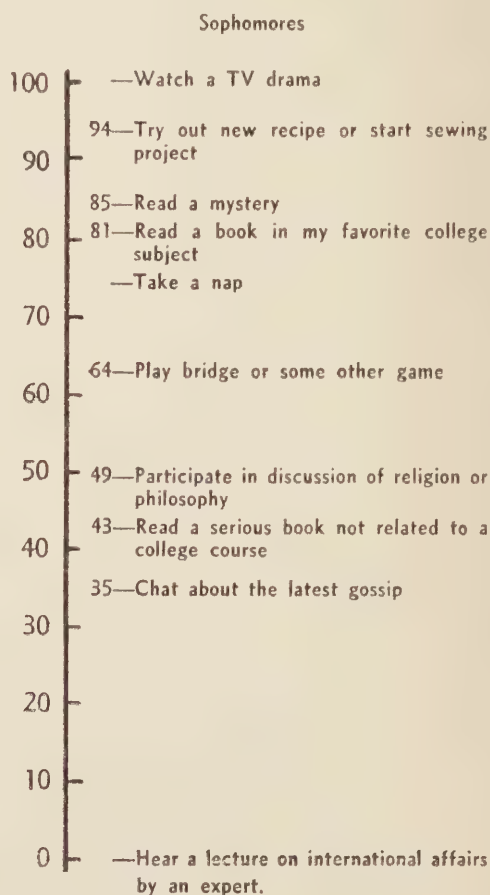
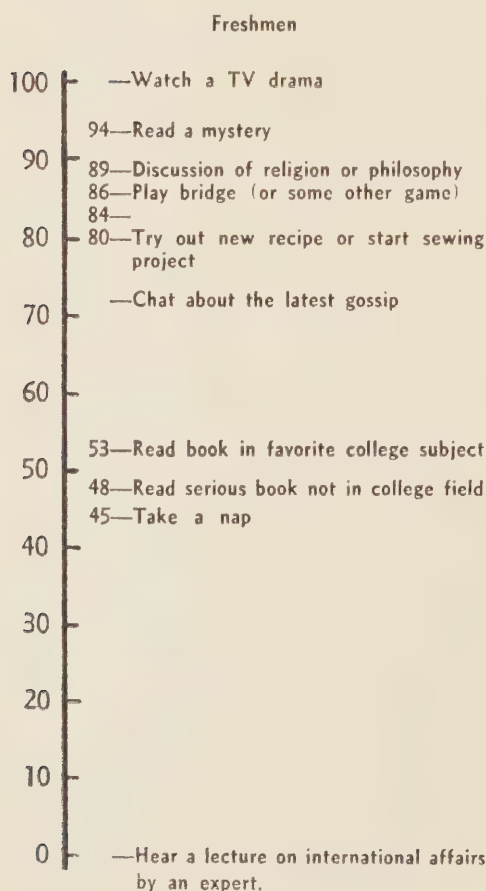
# Leisure-time Activity Preferences

This study of leisure-time activity preferences of Queens students, the results of which are given below, was conducted in the second semester of the 1958-59 school year by the experimental psychology class under the direction of Dr. Phyllis Stevens.

Ten leisure-time activities were presented to a sample of each college class. (The relative proportions of the samples to each other were not exactly the same as those of the respective classes, but this difficulty is offset by the samples' representing a larger percent of the classes than is usual in such experiments.) Each activi-

ty was paired with every other activity, and the subjects checked the preferred activity of each pair. With this information it was possible to devise a scale of preferences for each class, with the most preferred activity arbitrarily given a value of 100 on the scale, and the least preferred a value of 0. The other activities were arranged on the scale with respect to the most and least preferred activities.

Perhaps you will recognize from this description that the scale devised was an interval scale, of the same type as Fahrenheit or Centigrade temperature scales. Since there is no true zero it



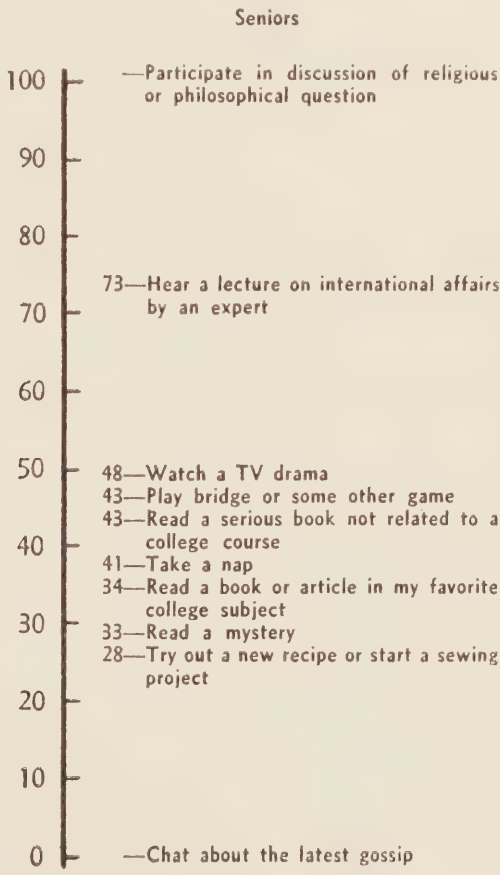
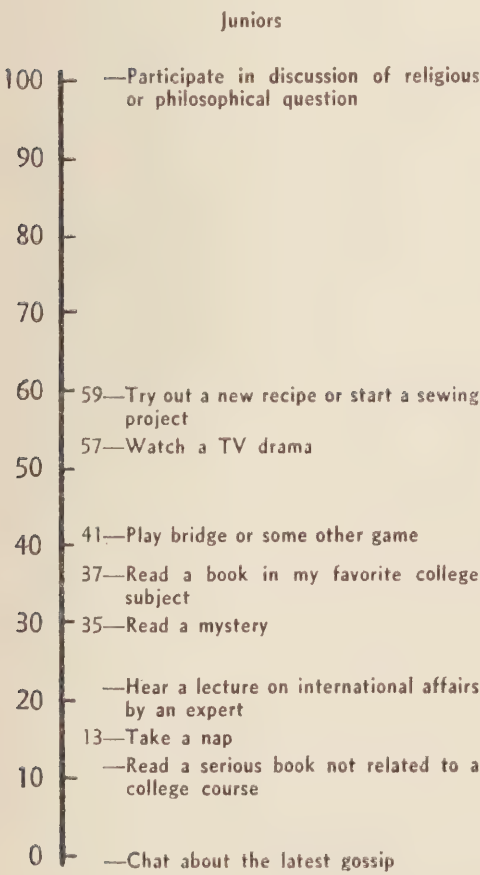


# of Queens College Students

is impossible to divide or multiply scale values; for example, to say that an activity with a scale value of 50 is half as preferred as one of 100. But it is possible to compare intervals; for example, to conclude that for sophomores, watching a TV drama is as much preferred over participating in a discussion of religion or philosophy as the latter activity is preferred over hearing a lecture on international affairs by an expert. You will also note that it is impossible to compare the degree of preference for the same activity from one class to another, since the most and least preferred activities are

arbitrarily given values of 100 and 0 respectively, regardless of their absolute degree of preference.

It was recognized that the selection and wording of activities could have been improved and that these flaws may have influenced our results. Activities were selected which would as nearly as possible represent three behavioral dimensions: active-passive, social-solitary, and intellectual-nonintellectual. It was also recognized that the study does not necessarily represent what students would actually do with their leisure time, but nevertheless may reveal what students consider they ought to do.



# Immobility

Form shapes  
Now apes  
Patterns of the neverending  
All blur  
Never stir  
From the finish to beginning  
Life lies  
Time tries  
To shove the fortresses of space  
All fails  
Death veils  
The horror of a changeless face.

ROSALLEN SPENCER

## “For God so loved the world . . .”

“For God so loved the  
World  
That He gave His only begotten  
Son”  
That whosoever would, might  
Stamp and  
Curse and  
Spit and  
Fight.

PAT SIMS

# The Love Relationship in *Merlin*

by Marilyn Hackett

The love affair in *Merlin*, Edwin Arlington Robinson's long narrative poem in blank verse, is at once simple and complex, logical and contradictory. Each development in the love relationship between Vivian and Merlin disappointed my expectations and forced me to revise my concept of the characters until, as the narrative drew to a close, I refused to anticipate any further. In the light of the story as a whole, however, I appreciated the story-telling skill that prevented the poet from succumbing to the temptations of the stock interpretations with which I was plagued in my attempts to formulate a predictable pattern of events.

It was perhaps the subject matter of the poem that colored my first interpretation of the love affair. The Arthurian context of the narrative led me to assume almost from the beginning that any romantic attachment would be rather stylized in the accepted fashion of Round Table legend. The lengthy flashback chronicling the course of the affair prior to Arthur's summons seemed to confirm my assumption. Merlin, the most brilliant and powerful man of his time, renounces all for the love of Vivian, the most beautiful and enchanting woman of her day; with all the formal gallantries and coquetties of courtship, including the symbolic shaving of the wizard's beard, they embark upon an idyll that promises to outlast the Round Table itself. They indeed seem to be, as Vivian asserts in the course of the formal declarations of love, "out of Time."

Upon Merlin's departure for Camelot, the

picture begins to alter. Vivian cannot understand Merlin's preoccupation with and feeling of responsibility for the kingdom he created and the king he set upon the throne; she sees Arthur as a threat to her relationship with Merlin. Merlin, for his part, has difficulty convincing himself during his sojourn in Camelot that his modest metaphor for renouncing the cares of state, "burial" at Broceliande, has not taken on a rather hollow ring; and the abundance of comment on his shaven chin understandably adds to his discomfort.

Merlin's behavior upon his return to Broceliande is by no means reassuring to Vivian, who, with the typical skepticism of her sex, has already prepared the role of the woman scorned in case her suspicions of an alteration of Merlin's love are borne out. At this point the stereotypes of wizard and temptress and eternal bliss fall by the wayside. Merlin emerges as the harried male attempting to explain national politics in a historical perspective when he ought to be soothing ruffled feathers with brilliant protestations of undying love in the interests of a peaceful paradise. Vivian appears as the resentful female who takes refuge in cold indifference, hoping to be coaxed out of it, when any self-respecting temptress, traditionally immune to feelings of insecurity, would have begun immediately to exercise all her most powerful blandishments to re-enchant the wizard.

Thus there seems to exist at this point a rather commonplace domestic quarrel which will doubtless be patched up eventually; with-



out the Arthurian stereotypes to rely on, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that a marriage counselor will appear on the scene and suggest that a child might stabilize the relationship. It is not even too alarming when Merlin dons his original pilgrim's garb, which suggests sackcloth and ashes in the light of his heart-rending "I am old" farewell speech, and leaves for Camelot; nor even when Vivian allows him to leave without protest. This seems to be a variation on the modern gambit of moving to the club and coming back later to tie up loose ends, thus providing for a subsequent reconciliation that damages the pride of neither party.

However, when Merlin announces near the end of the story that he does not plan to return to Broceliande at all, the domestic quarrel stereotype must be discarded. The wizard and the temptress are then resurrected in three dimensions: Merlin as a remarkably competent wizard whose foresight is excellent within a limited range and whose understanding of female behavior is not too deplorable, consider-

ing his lack of practice during his formative years; and Vivian as a brilliant, if erratic, temptress who could hardly be expected to cope effectively with national politics, having as she did to play by ear under the handicaps of youth and inexperience.

The poet's use of surprise as a method for developing the love affair of Merlin and Vivian seemed at first inferior to the more usual procedure of presenting the characters as completely as possible early in the narrative and letting developments in the plot follow logically in accordance with the original characterization. After considering the effect the latter treatment would have produced, I have concluded that the slight tendency of a long poem in blank verse to become monotonous is nicely offset in *Merlin* by the poet's lessening of the predictability of the characters' responses and by his unfolding of new insights as the story progresses, especially since the complexities and contradictions that arise as a result are simply and logically resolved in the end.

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